

**Birth control  
pill:  
how good?**

**BY JUNE CALLWOOD**

COVER BY REX WOODS

**How Wayne and Shuster took New York by mirth**

**THE HECTIC STORY OF CANADA'S FIRST SUBWAY**

# MACLEAN'S

JULY 19 1958 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS





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# PREVIEW

A LOOK AT TOMORROW IN TERMS OF TODAY

- ✓ Doctors trekking south: Ontario to bar border
- ✓ He-man Mounties switching to swains for TV

**WAYNE AND SHUSTER WILL SAY NO** to a large part of \$250,000 within the next year to avoid over-exposure of their TV and stage talents. That's what the comics figure their current opportunities add up to, "if we wanted to work ourselves into oblivion." They're saying "No" to lavish offers from Las Vegas ("It's not our dish") and London ("Shuster can't breathe when it rains"). They'll concentrate on Ed Sullivan and CBC shows.

**WE'RE LOSING DOCTORS** to the U.S. at such a rate that, beginning in 1961, Ontario for one province will compel medical-school graduates to serve their one-year internship in an Ontario hospital. What's happening now is that many students, after finishing a course for which the provincial governments pay a large share, promptly leave to intern in the U.S. and take up careers there. Don't blame the students entirely. Intern pay in the U.S.: \$300 a month; in Canada: \$50 a month.

**THE CENTURIES-OLD SECRET** of the Athabasca tar sands, the world's largest oil reservoir, seems likely to stay a secret for a while yet. Recession-hit Royalite Oil, backed by the wealthy Bronfman brothers of Canadian Distillers Corp., is pulling in its horns after spending millions trying to tap the sands. Chief casualties: most of the top-management staff, Royalite's private air force and airstrip, plans for a \$100-million refinery and pipeline. An investigation by management consultants Stone-Webster will probably point to where Royalite goes next in the sands—if anywhere.

**THE IMMUTABLE LAW OF HE-MAN MOVIES**—no lovin' or kissin'—will be coldly ignored in the million-dollar, 39-episode TV series on the Mounties, to be filmed starting in October in the Gatineau Hills near Ottawa. In the scripts written so far, the hero, an RCMP sergeant, is married. His partner in tracking down villains is in love with the postmaster's daughter. There's still hope though, fellows: in return for opening its files, the RCMP is reserving the right to approve or veto all scripts.

**LOOK FOR AN EARLY BID BY RUSSIA** for direct across-the-Pole air service with Canada. Airline executives who visited Russia recently are reporting to the federal government Soviet plans to enlarge Moscow airport to provide TCA servicing facilities. "I hope these new facilities will be used," Soviet civil-aviation chief P. F. Jigorev told the Canadians. "If you have aircraft to fly from Montreal to Moscow there will be no problem in making a direct flight." Added General N. A. Zakharov, deputy chief of Russia's Aeroflot: "Three-hour supersonic flights between Montreal and Moscow must come soon."

**IT WILL BE BACK TO SCHOOL** for Ontario magistrates and a new school system for Toronto cops, with police and courts trying to keep up with a crime boom and a rash of appeals against court judgments. **Problem:** Gunman A gets 15 months in one court for robbery, Gunman B 10 years for the same crime in another. **Solution:** magistrates will attend lectures designed to teach a more uniform scale of justice. **Problem:** unable to recruit cops until they're 21, Toronto finds brainiest boys go elsewhere. **Solution:** they'll recruit more police cadets (17 to 20). Boys will get \$46 to \$54 a week, learn on job, won't carry arms, become cops at 21.

**CUPID WILL BE ANOTHER VICTIM** of this year's recession, it's indicated by slumping marriage figures. So will 1980's Cupid, for births are down too. Forty thousand Canadian couples were wed in the first five months of 1958, a drop of 5% from last year. (Another reason for the decline could be that today's newlyweds are from the meagre depression-baby crop of the Thirties.) With Cupid in retreat will the Gordon Commission's forecast of 27 million Canadians by 1980 go awry? Not likely. Gordon's report made allowance for minor slumps.

## PLANS FOR PRINCESS



Margaret: Is this a royal welcome?

**ALTHOUGH NO ONE** can be sure how Princess Margaret will react to the sights of Canada, how many hands she'll shake or how many curtseys she'll receive, three predictions concerning her tour (July 12-Aug. 11) seem absolutely safe: 1. The Royal Tour will be accompanied by an unregal display of public bickering and bad manners, 2. Prime Minister Diefenbaker's assurance that the Princess "will meet informally as many Canadians as possible and enjoy the Canadian summer" will vanish behind a curtain of striped-

## "INFORMAL" TOUR LOSING OUT TO BRASS HATS, CIVIC INSULTS

pants formality, 3. Civic caterwauling over what should have been will last for months.

Here's how Canada's been warming up a royal welcome:

**Vancouver:** The Princess will spend 24 hours there, 4 days in Victoria, thus launching a new exchange of insults between the rival cities.

**Manitoba, P.E.I. and Newfoundland:** Government officials said they'd lodge official complaints with the Department of External Affairs because Margaret won't visit them.

**Hamilton:** Alderman Leslie Park said the visit would be "an utter flop" because only 2,000 Hamiltonians will see the Princess in Civic Stadium (13,000 from surrounding districts are invited).

**Toronto:** Aldermen fought a civic luncheon at the Royal Canadian Yacht Club "just to suit the social set." Instead Margaret will lunch with political brass in the Royal York.

How to satisfy everyone? "Start over again from scratch," suggested Vancouver's Mayor Fred Hume.

## OUTLOOK FOR CANCER

### Is virus theory clue to cure?

**HOW SOON** will science solve the riddle of cancer? This is the most urgent and popular question at this year's medical conventions. At the Canadian Cancer Research conference at Honey Harbor, Ont., Maclean's put it to some of the continent's top experts. Few would venture an answer, but here are some of their newest theories on possible cause, curb and cure: **CAUSE?** Is cancer a virus? Do you get it like a cold from the air? Some Canadian scientists, influenced by research by Dr. Sarah Stewart of the U.S. Cancer Institute, Bethesda, Md., now favor this theory. She has obtained virus from leukemic mice and caused 20 kinds of cancer in mice and other animals by injecting them with virus extract (until now it was thought virus caused only leukemia—blood cancer). She also developed antibodies in her own blood, indicating she had picked up leukemia virus. **Danger:** Will scientists run the risk of cancer when



exposed to human cancer virus? **CURB?** Although science warns that smoking can lead to lung cancer, Canadians are expected to smoke more than ever this year (2,000 cigarettes per capita). But scientists themselves are cutting down. Some who don't are trying this gimmick: stick four pin holes in cigarette near the mouth end. This causes poor draught, cigarette burns at lower temperature, creating fewer tobacco tars. **CURE?** Diabetic Jamaicans drink a potent brew of leaves from the wild periwinkle plant for relief. Investigating this, University of Western Ontario's Dr. R. L. Noble found that periwinkle also served to lower white cells in the blood of normal rats. He'll try it next on leukemic rats, then perhaps on humans.—SIDNEY KATZ

## WINNIPEG'S DILEMMA

### City hall can't be ditched

**UNHAPPILY WED** for 75 years to a comic-opera harridan of a city hall on its historic Main Street, Winnipeg is hopefully looking forward to a new domicile on a new site (a \$6-million city hall to be completed by 1962 half a mile away). But the city is facing a problem familiar to most wayward spouses—what to do about the old bat it intends to desert? Because of an airtight deed and a widow's whims, it can't just sell the old home and up and leave. Nor can it go away and forget about the whole ugly mess.

The city bought the land in 1875 from widowed Jemima Ross, her son



William, her daughter Margaret and her daughter-in-law Jemima for \$600. But the widow kept a tight and tantalizing string on it. The deed she signed with the city prohibits using the property "for any purpose except those directly connected with public purposes." Otherwise, it goes back to Jemima's heirs—a few dozen of them now. On it stands the archaic city hall, shabby civic offices, two comfort stations, several garden and flower stalls and part of King Street.

When it changes residence, the city would love to sell the property from under the city hall—it's now worth \$500,000. The deed says "No." The city's even willing to give away the city hall—for a museum or merchandise mart. But nobody wants it. Only alternative may be to build a new police station or courts—at a cost of additional millions.

"There's no doubt Jemima Ross tied us up pretty tight," says city solicitor William Fraser. "We'll have to abide by her wishes."—ROBERT METCALFE

# BACKSTAGE IN CYPRUS WITH BLAIR FRASER

## The real danger of a Turko-Greek war



**Blair Fraser** is visiting scenes of current world crisis in Europe, the Middle East and Africa. This is the first of several articles from these turbulent areas.

NICOSIA, CYPRUS As we drove in from the airport to Ankara an official of the Turkish government explained there had been a change of program for next day. Some of the interviews had been postponed. A spontaneous demonstration on the Cyprus question would take place at Kemal Ataturk's tomb at 2 p.m. and visiting reporters would wish to be there, he felt sure.

The demonstration turned out to be just as spontaneous as he had made it sound. Truckloads of farmers and crocodiles of school children converged on the Ataturk memorial. From about eleven o'clock on, soldiers were deployed all over town with fixed bayonets, ostentatiously ready to prevent the kind of violence that erupted in Istanbul three years ago when rioters sacked the Greek section of the city. Tanks were parked on almost every street corner and one major intersection had four. In fact, no violence occurred in the sun-baked square of Ataturk's mausoleum. At least a hundred thousand people stood for hours listening to strident speeches and occasionally breaking into a chant: "Long live Cyprus" and "Partition or death." We were told that is what the chants meant, but they sounded to foreign ears exactly like "Sieg Heil" or "Duce Duce." The rhetoric and the chanting were broadcast to every part of Turkey on the government's radio network—there was no escape that day or later from the public loudspeakers that carried the din to shops and coffee houses.

Meetings were held almost daily in different cities and all sounded so much alike that they might have been broadcasts of each other. They gave any radio listener the impression that the crowds were going wild. On the fringe of the throng itself, though, the impression was somewhat different. People stood about apathetically fanning themselves in the scorching heat and looking tired and bored. However real the enthusiasm may have been among the disciplined cheer leaders around the microphone it was obviously not shared by the casual onlookers at the edges of the crowd. This led to a certain skepticism when later the same afternoon the Turkish foreign minister denied that his government was deliberately preparing the public to react against the still-secret British plan for Cyprus. On the contrary, he said, "ever since 1954 the Turkish government has been trying to keep our people calm." Unfortunately, however, "our public opinion is out of control."

Here in Cyprus these mass meetings

in Turkey, held with government permission and broadcast by the government radio, are also heard in the shops and cafés of the Turkish sections. On the day the British proposals were finally announced I spent the afternoon with a Turkish editor inside the old walled city in Nicosia. As we sat in the tiny grubby garret where he puts out his very influential newspaper I could have sworn there were mobs in the labyrinth of narrow streets outside until I realized that this was just another broadcast from Turkey and looked out the window to see that the people were not paying much attention.

I walked out to Ataturk Square just as the evening curfew came on and another broadcast began — Sir Hugh Foot, the governor, announcing and explaining the new British plan for dual government and dual nationality for Cypriots. This time people did listen. There were silent clusters around every radio in sight. Nobody said a word. Nobody gave a sign in the Turkish sector of old Nicosia. The visible reaction to the new British policy was zero. The listeners looked like folk still waiting for a signal.

Some of the signals in the past have been highly suspect. The ferocious Istanbul riot of 1955 was set off when a bomb exploded outside the Turkish consulate in Salonika and was promptly misreported in Turkey as an attack upon the Greek birthplace of Kemal Ataturk, the founder and demigod of modern Turkey. Who threw the bomb or why has not been established. This time the riots in Cyprus began when a bomb went off in the home of a

Turkish information officer who happened to be out of town with his family at the time. The identity and motive of the bomber are even more mysterious than they were in Salonika.

All these things give the visitor a bad impression of the Turkish case in the Cyprus issue. He is tempted to believe the Greeks when they say that the belated interest of the Turkish government in the whole Cyprus question is an attempt to divert attention from the embarrassing fact that Turkey is just about bankrupt (which she is). It takes a continuous effort and the prompting of sympathetic foreigners who live in Turkey to remember that it was the Greeks and not the Turks who started the trouble on this distract ed island, that of nearly 300 people killed here in the past three years not only all the English and all of the few Turks but almost all of the 150-odd Greeks were murdered by Greek terrorists who today issue new threats of violence. Turks would not admit to being afraid of the Greeks (their contempt is as deep as it is mutual) but they do seem genuinely worried about their security here.

Turks expect the Greek government to go Communist before very long. The Communist vote in the Greek election last spring was 25 percent. A great many Greek Cypriot communities already have Communist mayors of village councils. Turks argue that if Cyprus were in Communist hands on top of the Communist arms cache in Syria and the 1,400-mile border between Turkey and the Soviet Union itself, then Turkey would indeed be surrounded and the Western flank turned in Athens.

Greek spokesmen turn this Communist argument the other way. Greece might well go Communist, they hint darkly, unless her Western allies take a more active interest in "justice" for Cyprus. One reason for the disquieting rise in the Communist vote, they say, was the feeling that Greece was being treated as a second-class ally by the Western alliance and that her just claims were being ignored. But when you get a Greek into private conversation over a drink and ask him what will happen if the deadlock over Cyprus is not broken, ask him flatly whether there's any danger of war between the two countries, the usual answer is a laugh. "It won't come to that," they say. "The Turks are bluffing. They don't really give a damn about Cyprus."

In Turkey the answer to the same question is very different. Even officially it's pretty grim. Foreign Minister Zorlu was asked at a press conference, "Does Turkey rule out the possibility of military action (if Turkish demands for partition of Cyprus are not heeded)?" He answered: "Turkey will never accept any other solution than partition. That is the last sacrifice Turkey can make. You will allow me not to answer the rest of your question."

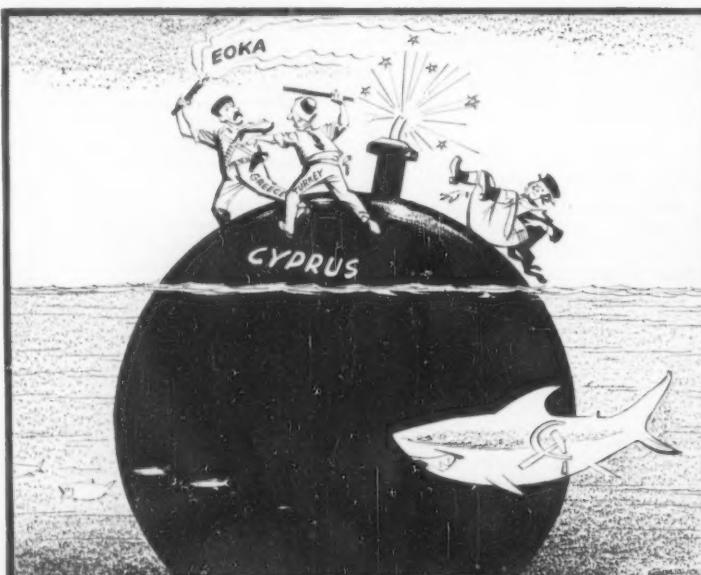
Privately Turks are more blunt. Young army officers especially make no bones about their opinion that Turkey will go to war with Greece over Cyprus and that it will be a good thing too. Civilians who speak of the same prospect with apprehension nevertheless seem to think it more than possible—and one added, "We won't stop with Cyprus either; we'll take more."

Here in Nicosia where so much blood has been shed in the last three years this doesn't seem quite as unthinkable as it does back home. There is a war of sorts here already.

For the foreigner himself things have improved. The last time I was here in the autumn of 1956 a young reporter from the London Observer had been killed just a few days before, shot in the back as he walked along the sunny street. This time foreign visitors are made to feel welcome. In both the Greek and the Turkish sections of the old town their hostility is no longer against the British but against each other. I met a Turk today who is an accountant in British employ. He has not been at work for several weeks because the police have warned him it would be unsafe for him to walk to the office through the Greek section of town. Conversely, if you want to drive from your hotel outside the walls to the Turkish section of the old town you are advised to rent a car and drive it yourself — it would not be fair or safe to ask a Greek taximan to go into the Turkish quarter.

Barbed-wire barricades separate the two sections. To get from one to the other you have to go outside the walls and re-enter by another gate. Business ties between the two communities have all been severed now. As for social ties, apparently none existed.

Of course, separation is the keynote of the new British plan for Cyprus—separate parliaments passing separate laws for the separate communities and only those things that must be done in common left to the British governor and a council of Greeks and Turks. But the nature of the separation calls for mutual goodwill and scrupulous care by each community not to interfere with the other. So far not much goodwill is evident in Cyprus. ★



Both sides are using the Communist threat to enlist Western support.

## BACKSTAGE AT STRATFORD

**Is our Shakespeare Festival too British? There's the rub . . .**

"We must not try to annex the project and use it for our own private advancement. It should be a Canadian scheme carried thro' by Canadians. If we British are as tactless and as apathetic as we look like being, it's just going to be George III and the Boston Tea Party all over again, with disastrous results all around." —British director Tyrone Guthrie writing (1952) to British actor Alec Guinness, only a few months before the first Shakespearean Festival at Stratford, Ont.

Almost like a modern-day in-tomorrow for "the Ides of March," this brooding prediction by Shakespearean expert Guthrie, the Festival's first artistic director, has come home to roost at Stratford. So far, the principal "disastrous results" have been: Equity of Canada, the actors' union, has seriously discussed lack of opportunities

at Stratford for Canadians. One Montreal actor Michael Kane has sued the Festival for breach of contract, mentioning non-Canadian domination of roles. Major and minor feuds have boiled around British director Michael Langham and his mostly British company. The chief point of contention: Britons, in Guthrie's prescient words, appear to have "annexed" Canada's top drama festival.

**Onstage:** Montreal's Christopher Plummer is a top star. Others are Broadway's Jason Robards, Glasgow's Eileen Herlie, Glasgow's and Stratford's Douglas Campbell. Of the entire cast of 40, more than half (23) are British-trained. In addition to Plummer, the most successful Canadians are Bruno Gerussi, now in his fifth season at Stratford, and Frances Hyland, Regina-born star in Broadway's Look Homeward, Angel.



LANGHAM HYLAND  
"I don't care where Natives are an actor is born." Natives are outnumbered.

**Backstage:** Led by Langham, nine of the 14 top hands are Britons. His assistant is Tom Brown of London's Old Vic. The Festival's originator, Tom Patterson, of Stratford, has been reduced to planning consultant. Designers Tanya Moiseiwitsch and Desmond Heeley are British. So is their cutting staff. They even brought with them from London a girl to shop for their materials.

Are Canadians justified in feeling left out of things? Not according to Director Langham. Aware of mounting criticism, he told Maclean's: "I care about theatre. I care about human beings. I don't care where a man is born. I care only if he's an artist or not."

—CHRISTINA MCCALL

## Backstage WITH THE SILENT CBC

**The TV "scoop" you didn't see and why the CBC said "No!"**

**SHOULD THE** government-financed CBC enlighten Canadians on subjects that might be embarrassing or distasteful to the government? Two recent bits of evidence hint that the answer by both the government and CBC could be "No."

One instance that raised a storm in newspapers was Prime Minister Diefenbaker's ringing "No, no, no!" to a CBC announcer who, running over questions for an interview with U.K. Prime Minister Macmillan, tried to ask about free trade. But the very same day—Friday, June 13—it passed almost unnoticed when the jittery CBC itself gave an equally resounding "No!" to an equally touchy subject: a U.S. senate subcommittee's report resurrecting Red-conspiracy charges against the late Herbert Norman and mentioning by name another government official, Robert Bryce.

**How it happened:** From the time of the report in May, planners of

the CBC Sunday TV program Close-Up had been trying to get a member of the U.S. subcommittee to submit to an interview. Finally, on the afternoon of Friday the 13th, they learned that Robert Morris, former subcommittee counsel who wrote the critical and much-criticized report, was willing.

Close-Up editor Ross McLean made arrangements with New York TV studios for a remote-control interview. He also notified Charles Jennings, the CBC's controller of broadcasting. From there the thing gathered steam. While McLean was plugging his upcoming "scoop" on the Friday edition of CBC's Tabloid, Jennings was closeted with Ernest Bushnell, CBC's assistant general manager, and Davidson Dunton, CBC chairman. That night Jennings phoned McLean: "Cancel the interview."

**Explanations:** Dunton says, "It was likely to provide an opportunity for one side to speak when the other cannot." He did not inform

or consult George Nowlan, the federal minister responsible for CBC. Jennings says, "The idea was an error in judgment. To bring up the Norman case again would have been muckraking."

**Reaction:** Morris says the decision (he didn't get it till Monday night and didn't get paid) "astonished me. I said I'd answer all questions. I knew I'd be pressed." Editor McLean's footnote: "One important function of Close-Up is to anticipate and sometimes precipitate discussion on subjects important to Canadians."

In place of Morris, Close-Up interviewed Edwin Grace, a New York doctor, on antibiotics.

—BARBARA MOON



DUNTON  
Two voices on an issue or none.

## Backstage WITH THE COMMUNISTS

**Even Reds spurning LPP; Here are major losses**

**ONE RESULT** of the recent Manitoba election was to unseat William Kardash, last voice of the Labor Progressive (Communist) party in any Canadian legislature. But to the LPP this was a minor upset compared with the disintegration of the party everywhere in Canada.

Once-faithful Communists are tearing up their party cards. Many are becoming prosperous as part of the capitalist system they once condemned. Communist leader Tim Buck told Maclean's that his party still has 5,000 active members, but J. B. Salsberg, who recently quit the LPP after 14 years in the elite National Executive Council, claims: "The LPP is a shell. There are less than 2,000 card carriers left."

The exodus, which began with Premier Khrushchev's revelations about Stalin's cruelty, has been hastened by the execution of former Hungarian Premier Nagy. "I call it murder," says Salsberg.

Salsberg, who now runs a prosperous Toronto insurance agency, is the most successful of the ex-party bigwigs. Kardash, still in the LPP, is manager of a large Winnipeg dairy. Like Salsberg, many others have bolted the LPP. Stewart Smith, formerly Ontario leader, now operates a Toronto appliance store. Harry Binder, once the party's national treasurer, is a wholesale jewelry salesman. Arnold Issenman, Norman Nerenberg and Ken Perry —three of Quebec's top Communists—have quit the party and now run a thriving Montreal realty firm. Sam Carr, the Canadian spy sentenced to six years in penitentiary after the Gouzenko disclosures, works for a Toronto jeweler. (Fred Rose, the renegade MP also involved in this spy ring, has stayed Red and works for a publishing house in Warsaw.)

The surviving diehards who now make up the LPP are organized into 55 "cells"—referred to as "clubs." Toronto, with eighteen "clubs," has the most Communists.

Buck now has the loyalty of only three "big name" Reds: Dr. James Endicott, Leslie Morris and William Kashtan. To reinforce his HQ on Toronto's Cecil Avenue, he has brought in Nelson Clarke, former leader of the Saskatchewan LPP, and Alf Dewhurst, one of the Yukon's Communists. Clarke is now editor of the Canadian Tribune, Dewhurst national organizer.

The party's big problem is finance. With dues drying up, and the thinning Canadian Tribune now running almost without ads, the party is near bankruptcy. When thieves broke into the Canadian Tribune's Toronto office recently and blew open the safe, they found only a boxful of stamps and eight cents.



Lands in "capitalist" job.

## Background

### YANK \$ \$ GO HOME

The cry is "Come Back, Yank!" not "Go Home!" in St. John's, Newfoundland, which will lose \$15 million a year with the closing of Pepperell, the nearby U.S. Air Force base. Some 1,700 residents will lose jobs that pay them \$6,743,000 a year, businessmen will drop \$4,300,000 spent by the U.S. supplying the base and another \$3,000,000 spent by airmen. Pepperell's radar duties will be absorbed by Harmon Field in the west of Newfoundland. St. John's hopes the Canadian Army will move in.

### TRUTH ABOUT SAUCERS?

You don't see flying saucers; you dream them. This is the opinion of eminent Swiss psychologist Carl Gustav Jung, who thoroughly debunks one of the leading phenomena of our age in a new book, *Ein Moderner Mythus—A Modern Myth*. Jung's idea: unable to cope with our troubles, we create in our minds mystic tales about approaching heavenly forces. Saucers, he says, are "99% a psychic product and therefore suited for analysis."

**HELP WANTED:** First-rate character actors. Apply CBC and National Film Board—both slightly disillusioned with native thespians after watching a pilot film for a TV series

on W. O. Mitchell's *Jake and the Kid*. Mitchell's folksy characters emerged so colorless they thought of shelving the series but are scouting money-making possibilities in U.S. and U.K. Trouble? "Canadian character actors can't play anyone except themselves," says an NFB producer.

### NEW NORTH GHOST TOWN

Shed a tear for Aklavik, Canada's newest ghost town. Cry too for Christina Norris' boardinghouse—most famous in the far northwest—the Aklavik Hotel and the town's two coffee houses. They're boarded up now. The reason: everybody's moving to East Three, the new Mecca on the Mackenzie River delta—soon to be known as Arctic City.

It has hot-and-cold running water, army and air-transport facilities. True to tradition, however, Hudson's Bay Company will stay in Aklavik.

### BOOM IN BRITISH BUTLERS

Butlers have become a modest rival to sports cars among British exports. London calls it a "butler boom" with about 400 moving to the U.S.—and a few to Canada—in the past year. If you want a butler you undergo a tough screening. "Our butlers have very high standards," says Peter Hunt, head of one exclusive London agency. "Manners are more important than money." Nevertheless, butlers come high—boat fare plus \$250 a month plus room and board.

## Editorial

### The late magazine tax and the ideas behind it

**THIS IS THE FIRST** editorial mention Maclean's Magazine has made of the now defunct tax on the advertising content of special "Canadian" editions of United States magazines. We never quite knew what to say about the tax because we never felt it was an ideal solution to the problem — however real the problem is — that it sought to correct. But now that it is dead we have no hesitation in saying a few words in favor of the idea behind it.

It was a twenty-percent federal tax on the advertising revenues of those American magazines which, edited, written and produced almost wholly by Americans and for Americans, are slightly amended for Canadian consumption and sold to Canadian advertisers and Canadian readers in the guise of Canadian magazines. The last government took cognizance of a type of inequity in this that is commonly described as "dumping." These American magazines, whose main costs were already absorbed in the home market, came into Canada at little added cost except the cost of press overruns, and subjected Canadian magazines to frequently suffocating competition. The last government took the stand that, just as Canada has had to support and defend all its other great agencies of communication — railways, radio, television, films, the newspapers — against unequal competition from abroad, it also had an important national interest to serve by giving Canadian magazines at least some support against the same sort of thing.

It may be that the present government holds the same general view, and certainly such a view would be in harmony with its many statements about our national identity and independence. The fact is that it withdrew the magazine tax without introducing any alternative method of easing the problem behind it.

We wish to make our own position in the matter as clear as possible. Come hell or high water, we intend to go on putting out a Canadian magazine and we intend to go on attempting to make it a good one. We shall endeavor to print the work of the best Canadian writers and the best Canadian artists and photographers, to search out the interesting and meaningful things that are happening to Canada and to Canadians and to help Canadians see and assess the world outside.

We shall, incidentally, continue to read a large number of American magazines with pleasure and admiration. We think, and have always thought, that it would be a national catastrophe if Canada were to exclude magazines, books, newspapers, movies, television shows or any other form of communication from the United States or any other place.

We do believe, however, that when an American magazine elects to utter a few magic words and thus become a Canadian magazine, it should be prepared to incur at least some of the real responsibilities, challenges — and costs — of putting out a Canadian magazine. Things like building buildings in Canada; employing some reasonable percentage of Canadians in the preparation of their editorial content; talking to Canadians not as a market of sixteen million people to be wooed and won but as a nation with their own identity and aspirations; trying to discern how the rest of the world looks not merely from Washington but from Ottawa too. If they want to put the Maple Leaf on their covers, let them take on some of the hazards and burdens of growing and nourishing it. And if they can put us out of business on those terms — or, as they have often done already, put other Canadian magazines out of business — we will cheerfully join in the applause.

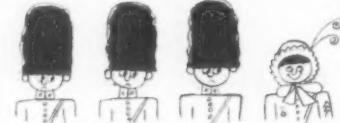
It is our earnest and of course not altogether disinterested hope that the magazine industry — American as well as Canadian — will grow and prosper and increase in usefulness. It is also our hope that those American magazines that are not reluctant to be honestly American will continue to come into Canada and continue to receive the hospitable welcome that their country of origin and their usual standards of excellence so well deserve. It is also our hope that some divine genius, in government or elsewhere, will soon find a way of making it a little less simple for a part of our national voice to be shouted down — and in some fields almost drowned out — by the voices of strangers in disguise.

## Mailbag

- ✓ Should you call a feather bonnet a busby?
- ✓ \$1,000 if you can prove there's featherbedding
- ✓ It's a tie between Mowat and Callaghan

I READ WITH greatest pleasure Thomas Raddall's story of Barrington Street (June 7) . . . filled with lively word pictures, warm feeling and wit. But oh! the late Angus L. Macdonald would surely revoke his permission for Tom to "wear any tartan you like—even the Macdonald!" if he knew that the feather bonnet was referred to as a "plumed black busby," and the kilt was mentioned more than once as "kilts." — BELL DOUGLAS TAYLOR, MONTREAL.

✓ Is Thomas Raddall correct in using the expression "kilts" (worn by Ralph Connor in the pulpit)? Should it not be "the kilt"? Also I understand the Black Watch Pipers wear feather bonnets, not



busbies. The latter headgear is worn by such regiments as Grenadier Guards, Coldstream Guards, Welsh Guards, Irish Guards. — M. I. PARR, LACHINE, QUE.

Mr. Raddall stands corrected on the kilt but insists on "busby" for the Black Watch: "It's nothing like a bonnet and no more highland than my Aunt Emma. It's just a feathered imitation of the bearskin. Out of sheer cussedness I call it a busby."

### The record of refugee college

I read the article, Backstage at Refugee College, by Frank Walden (Preview June 21), with much interest. While I do not quarrel with the general accuracy of the statements made, I feel that Mr. Walden has been less than kind . . . in respect of our Hungarian students. The circumstances under which they left Hungary, the decision to come to Canada, and the problems of adjustment . . . must be unusually difficult for the best of human beings to accept and overcome. Dean Roller, his colleagues and the Hungarian students have been exceptional in every respect, and the fact that they have not complained or created any problems for the rest of us in the university is the best evidence of this. I am certain that, given time, they will make a valuable contribution over the years to the Canadian economy, society and nation. — N. A. M. MACKENZIE, PRESIDENT, U.B.C.

### "No proof of featherbedding"

There is no doubt in my mind that your article, The Fear Behind Featherbedding (June 21), will rouse many comments. I would like to add mine. Contrary to the myth, there is no limit except human endurance to the number of bricks that a bricklayer may lay in a day. Bricklayers, Masons and Plasterers International Union HAS A STANDING OFFER OF \$1,000 TO ANYONE WHO CAN

SHOW PROOF OF SUCH A POLICY ON THE PART OF ANY SUBORDINATE UNION LOCAL. — KEN THOMPSON, SECRETARY, BRICKLAYERS' LOCAL NO. 1, EDMONTON.

### Mowat vs. Callaghan

Please accept my congratulations on the article by Farley Mowat (Let's Get Tough with the U. S., June 7). His phrases are blunt and to the point. We have had a surfeit of such writers as Morley Callaghan (Let's Go Easy on the U. S.). It has become fashionable to be ashamed to be a Canadian . . . Mr. Callaghan's article makes me ashamed. — G. E. HOLTBY, MONO ROAD, ONT.

✓ Your publication of Farley Mowat's fanatical, belligerent attack on Americans is a disgrace to Canadian nationalism. — J. N. McDONALD, DENVER, COLO.

✓ . . . I heartily agree with Mr. Mowat's suggestion of the spineless nonentity of too many Canadians . . . — EARL A. LASHER, CRESTON, B.C.

✓ To Morley Callaghan's emphasis on Canadian nationalism I say *nuts*. There ain't no such thing. — LINACRE BUTCHER, WELLINGTON, B.C.

✓ Cheers for Morley Callaghan. It's almost time Canadians started to grow up. — JOE BARR, SARNIA, ONT.

Mailbag's up-to-date box score of letters received on the Mowat-Callaghan argument: For Mowat 18; against Mowat 16; for Callaghan 7; against Callaghan 7; neutral 14.

### Is peeling spuds hateful?

Your Preview note on the potato business ("Housewives hate to peel 'em," June 21) isn't appreciated by housewives I know. We'll gladly peel potatoes when we can buy good ones. (Or



we can always bake them, more nutritious, taste better, no peeling.) . . . — MRS. D. JOHNSTON, NORTH VANCOUVER.

### Benburb battle no myth

Regarding Alan Phillips' article, The Last Angry Tory (June 7), he does not say if Gratton O'Leary let Donald Gordon get away with the idea that there was no battle of Benburb. Benburb is a village in the Irish county of Tyrone. There in the sixteenth century the Irish followers of "The O'Neill" met and decisively defeated an English army belonging to Queen Elizabeth. Irish history cannot be a strongpoint of Gordon's. — J. HENDERSON, WILLOWDALE, ONT. ★



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## "Here's the key to the car, Son... but don't forget, responsibilities go with it."

As a new driver, remember you have some mighty important obligations. Your own safety — the security of others — your family's peace of mind — all of these depend on your care, your caution, your courtesy when behind the wheel."

Most parents spend some anxious hours when their teen-agers first begin to drive—and with very good reason.

For statistics tell us that it is in the 15-to-19 age group—the ages at which most young people usually start driving—that accident fatalities are at their peak.

And yet, young people could be expert drivers. They have most of what it takes to handle a car with skill—good health, superior coordination, and alert minds.

But of even greater importance is the cultivation of mental attitudes that make safer drivers.

For example, one of the first things that should be impressed on young people is the power and speed of today's cars. If this power is misused—if the driver "steps on it" for a thrill—he is asking for an accident. But if he learns to respect power and the necessity for keeping it under control, he will be a safer, more skillful motorist.

In addition, they need to become thoroughly familiar with the rules of the road, the traffic laws of their community and all safety regulations, including those that apply to pedestrians.

Young drivers should also learn how to adjust their driving to night traffic, for fatal accidents occur three times as frequently at night as during the day.

And the importance of constant attention to driving cannot be overemphasized. The driver whose attention is diverted can lose control of his car before he realizes it.

Careful studies show that properly trained young drivers—especially those who take driver education courses offered in many high schools—make far better drivers than others who receive their training from less competent instructors. If your school does not give safe driving courses, ask your police department where competent instruction is given.

Young drivers gain a lot from parents who set good examples of safety. Parents who strictly observe speed and all other traffic regulations . . . who respect the rights of pedestrians . . . who make courtesy a rule of the road . . . can be far surer that their teen-agers will do likewise when trusted with the family car.

Last year over three thousand Canadians died in traffic accidents and over 78,000 were injured. We can reduce this toll if all our nation's almost five million drivers—*young and old*—will always drive with care, caution, and courtesy.

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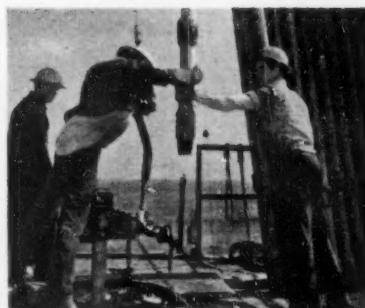
### THE COVER

Master aerials, one to a rooftop, are quickly making unwelcome memories of the kind of electronic jungle Rex Woods painted here. Even now they're scarce: he modeled the roof on a Toronto apartment block but the setting, clearly, surrounds Saskatchewan's capital.

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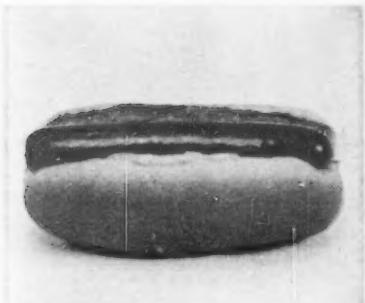
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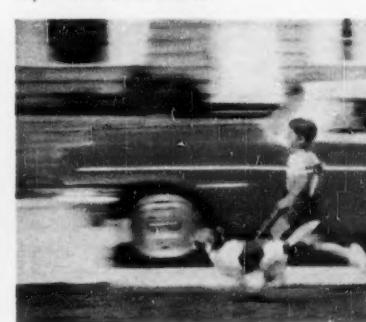
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## For the sake of argument



PATRICIA CLARKE INSISTS

## Stop pitying the underworked housewife

A basic tenet of modern family life is that housewives are North America's last slaves, unappreciated, underpaid and overworked.

We women spend hours at the back fence telling each other we have too much work to do inside. Our husbands must agree, for they go into debt to buy us labor-saving machines and cheerfully bath the baby, dry the dishes and wash the windows when they are home. Women's magazines assure us we're drudges with articles like Women Are Household Slaves, Ladies, You Work Too Hard, Eighty-Hour Week, My Fifteen-Hour Day and Plight of the Young Mother. Even the authors of a labor-department survey of married women workers were surprised to find that one out of four is working because she hasn't enough to do at home.

### "The softest job ever"

I don't find it surprising at all. The truth, I think, is that far from being overworked, most of us don't have enough to do at home. Because we don't, we waste our time in coffee drinking, gossip and aimless puttering at our relatively easy job — lazy, inefficient drones, neither especially useful nor, in our dirty blue jeans and pincurls, especially ornamental.

I know what I'm talking about because I used to work for a living, before I became a full-time housewife. I have a six-room house, a garden and two pre-school sons to care for. I know how much work I do; I have a good idea from observing the habits of my friends and neighbors and from studies made on the subject how much real work other women do. I know a tough job when I meet one, and I'm a little tired of hearing that this is it.

It's the softest job I ever had. Excepting those with huge families who have to run all day to stay in the same place, the average housewife, here and now, gets more for less effort than anyone else.

Before my fellow housewives read me out of the Back-Fence Groaning and Grumbling Society for these heretical views, let's air out our claims to being household slaves from the viewpoint of the usual job standards: wages, hours and working conditions. I suspect they'll be as full of holes as a moth-eaten mitt.

First, let's take wages. We housewives believe, and read in magazines all the time, that our contribution is indispensable and vastly above our financial reward. We serve our husbands as eight or nine people: cook, char, nursemaid, gardener, handyman, social secretary, mistress, chauffeur, purchasing agent. Since it would cost a fortune to pay for having all these jobs done, we ought to get (1) a salary, (2) community property rights, (3) a new fur coat, (4) well, then, at least a dignified title, like domestic engineer.

Frankly, I think it's lucky we're doing the work for love; if we did it for money half of us would be fired tomorrow.

Let's see how many of us juggle these jobs in actual practice. One housewife I know was painting the bathroom (interior-decorator function). She left the work to chat on the telephone (social-secretary function). The toddler got at the paint and daubed it liberally on himself and the toilet seat (nursemaid function having day off). Housewife applied paint remover to plastic toilet seat (handyman function). Toilet seat dissolved. Family did without for three days (purchasing continued on page 37)

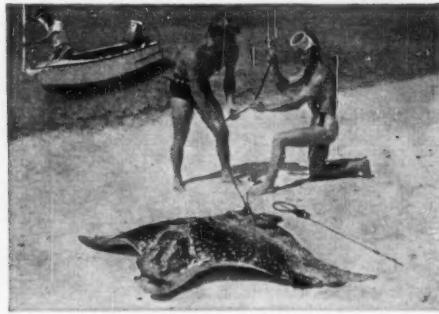
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skin-diving friend of Canadian Club.

"When my friend Boyce Thompson  
and I got hold of a ray off Jamaica's  
Grand Cayman Island last month,  
catching him looked like great sport.



2. "I first spotted the ray 35 feet down,  
camouflaged against the bottom. A ray can  
tow a 22-foot powerboat. When we grabbed  
this one, he spread his 'wings' and towed us  
along at top speed. Beaching him was no cinch.

3. "A world's record? Boyce was sure of it. The ray  
had a 10-foot tail and weighed 325 pounds. But it turned  
out that no official records are kept on this species, and  
we discovered afterwards that leopard rays actually  
come a good deal bigger than our monstrous specimen.

4. "Biggest leopard I've ever seen,"  
comforted our host back at Grand  
Cayman as he toasted our exploit in  
Canadian Club. These giant rays are  
found in only a few parts of the world  
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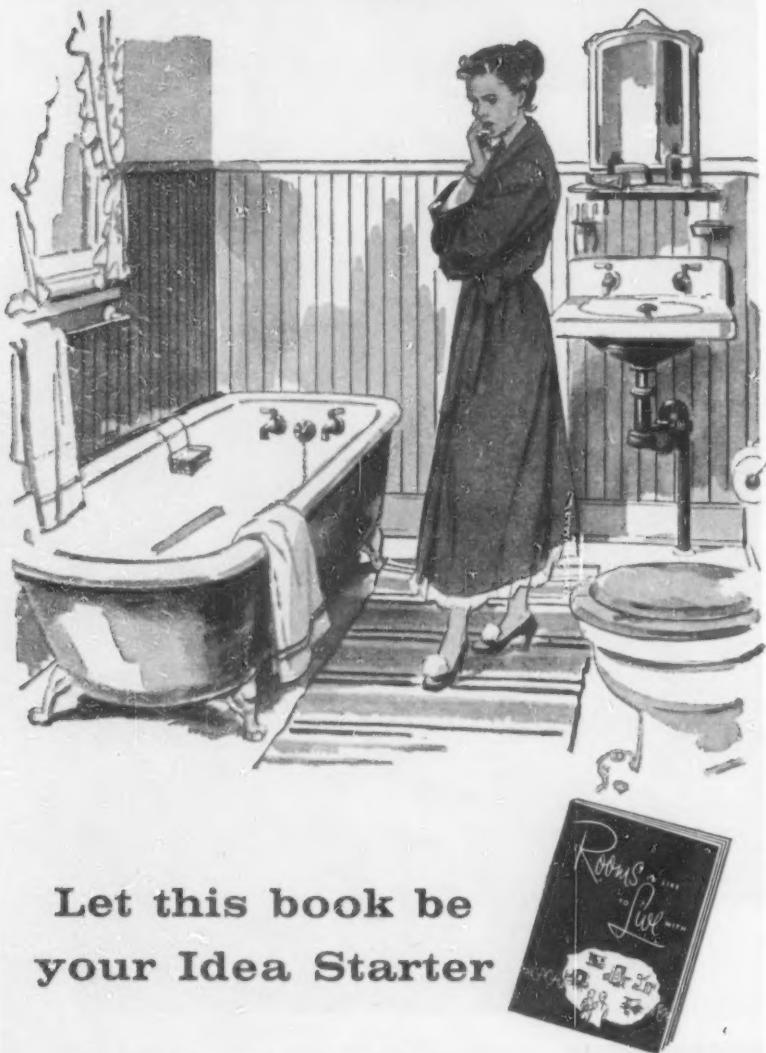
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## LONDON LETTER BY BEVERLEY BAXTER



Full of shots for yellow fever and typhus, Baxter ponders the future.

## How I nearly flew to Formosa

Many years ago when I was young I had my fortune told by an old gypsy woman who kept a summer stand at Hanlan's Point, Toronto. She gazed at my palm for something over a minute and then said: "You will cross the ocean many times and you will travel to many countries. That will be ten cents."

I gave her the appropriate coin and reflected sadly upon the pitfalls of human vanity. Here was a week's pocket money gone in the twinkling of an eye—and for what? Just a ridiculous mumbo-jumbo prophecy about oceans and distant lands. It was quite true that the five Baxter children and their parents had been to Niagara Falls, and as a member of a boy trio I had been to North Bay, but what chance was there of ever seeing any other country than Canada, except perhaps the American side of the Falls from a respectful distance?

How was either the gypsy or myself to know that in 1914 a benevolent government would offer young men in uniform a free trip to England and, for good measure, a further free trip to France?

I thought of the old gypsy woman's prophecy the other night when a fellow Tory MP came up and volunteered the information that the Government of Formosa would be glad to have me visit General Chiang Kai-shek and his wife as their guest. He had received a letter from them to that effect and he strongly recommended the acceptance of the invitation.

Formosa! Right across to the other side of the world! And all this just to visit the American-backed island with the former ruler of China and his piano-playing wife. Well it was an idea, and

I consulted the chief government whip. Considering that he is the boss of the Tory chain gang at Westminster he was quite decent about it. "By all means," he said. "But of course you will have to take your pair with you." In other words I must arrange with a Socialist MP to come with me so that the government majority would not be reduced.

Back in the smoking room I looked around and just then Sir Lynn Ungoed-Thomas, who was solicitor-general in the last socialist administration, came up and said: "Can I give you a lift home?" He lives a hundred yards down from my house in St. John's Wood.

"How would you like to come with me to Formosa?" I asked when we got into his car.

"Why not?" he replied.

It took some time to convince him that it was not just a joke but when finally the idea entered his head he was all for it. A Tory and a Socialist, forgetting their political differences, would take to the skies with a common destination and a *continued on page 47*



Ungoed-Thomas: he had to cancel at the last minute.

*Out of Rothmans research, a new concept in cigarette tobaccos:*

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**More and more Canadians** are becoming aware that tobacco is one of Canada's most important agricultural crops. Last year's yield was 148,000,000 lbs., worth \$74,500,000. In the fertile lands of Southern Ontario, soil and climatic conditions are ideal for growing bright virginia leaf equal to the best in the U.S.A.

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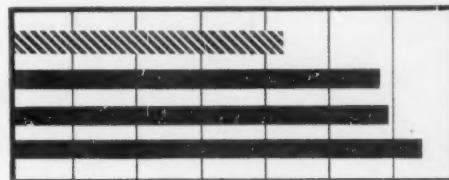
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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, JULY 19, 1958

Tar and nicotine content in Rothmans King Size and three of the largest selling plain end straight virginia cigarettes — (one brand from each of the four major cigarette companies in Canada).

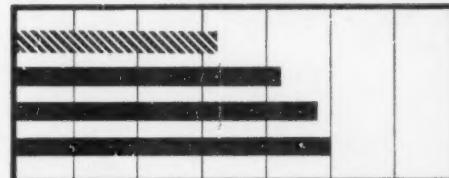
**TAR**

Rothmans  
BRAND "A"  
BRAND "B"  
BRAND "C"



**NICOTINE**

Rothmans  
BRAND "A"  
BRAND "B"  
BRAND "C"



These accurately scaled graphs are based on two sets of tests performed by a well known independent U.S.A. research laboratory. One test was carried out last year and the other this year. All values are based on equivalent tobacco content smoked.

The cigarette paper used by Rothmans is the purest in the world — no waterproofing chemicals or synthetics — guaranteed 100% vegetable origin.



You get the same fine virginia tobacco in the famous Rothmans King Size Filter.

RKSP—3-A



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# How good is the **BIRTH-CONTROL PILL?**

Under strict test for  
two years,  
a steroid pill has  
prevented conception  
every time. Is it  
the long-sought answer  
to the danger of  
over-population?  
In this study of  
all current methods,  
the answer is no—not yet

BY JUNE CALLWOOD

In the wildly heightened search for a new contraceptive that has paralleled the world population jump of the past ten years, the most stunning product yet discovered is the oral birth-control pill, a steroid-compound tablet which when taken daily positively prevents conception, without a failure.

Civilized society has never been fond of the term birth control, a phrase that means a negation of a human life. Millions of people, including members of the Roman Catholic Church, believe that any artificial device which disturbs a conception is against God and nature. Among the millions of others who consider birth control a humane practice, the new oral pill has stirred confusion and excitement.

Any new contraceptive must fulfill three conditions to be accepted by those who accept the idea of contraceptives. It must be sure, simple and safe. To date not even the doctors presently testing the oral pill are convinced that it is more than sure and relatively simple. It may be at least a decade before they can be sure whether it's safe.

After two years of testing, without a single detectable example of permanent harm, many doctors in Canada and the United States are still saying, as they did in the beginning, that they would never permit their wives and daughters to use the steroids regularly. Although most drugstores stock one or more of the three brands of steroids, Enovid, Norlutin and Nilevar, prepared by two ethical pharmaceutical companies, they cannot be bought or sold as contraceptives and are available only on a doctor's prescription. Used in the treatment of menstrual disturbances, they are almost never prescribed for contraception.

Tests of the steroids' continued on page 53



**JOHNNY WAYNE** in Ed Sullivan's private dressing room, preparing for host's role on June 1.

They're flat on their backs at song's end.  
One paper said: "The Ed Sullivan Show may  
soon become the Wayne & Shuster hour."

**FRANK SHUSTER** dressing for third of 26 contracted shows. They're called "civilized comics."



## How Wayne & Shuster Are Making Ed Sullivan Sneeze

**BARBARA MOON** spends a breathless

Canadian viewers for ten years, have



**W**hen Johnny Wayne and Frank Shuster, Canada's only television comedians, went to New York last month to substitute for Ed Sullivan as ringmasters of North America's best-known and longest-lived TV vaudeville show, it came as a fairly incredible climax to a fairly incredible few weeks.

Less than three months earlier, as all Canada knew, Sullivan had screened a film of one of the comedians' stylish TV spoofs and had promptly signed them to twenty-six appearances on his show in the ensuing fifty-two weeks. "Mark my words," he told them, "in six months you boys will be the hottest property on American TV." By the time Sullivan entrusted his entire Sunday night hour to Wayne and Shuster, the prediction no longer seemed far-fetched.

Indeed, it was well on its way to premature realization after the Canadians' first appearance with Sullivan. On May 4 they did a parody of Julius Caesar, called *Rinse the Blood off My Toga*, on his show. Overnight everyone in U.S. show business knew about them, and about a line that had occurred several times in the script. Delivered by Toronto actress Sylvia Lennick, it went. "I told him, I said Julie, don't go!"

## O'SULLIVAN SHOW

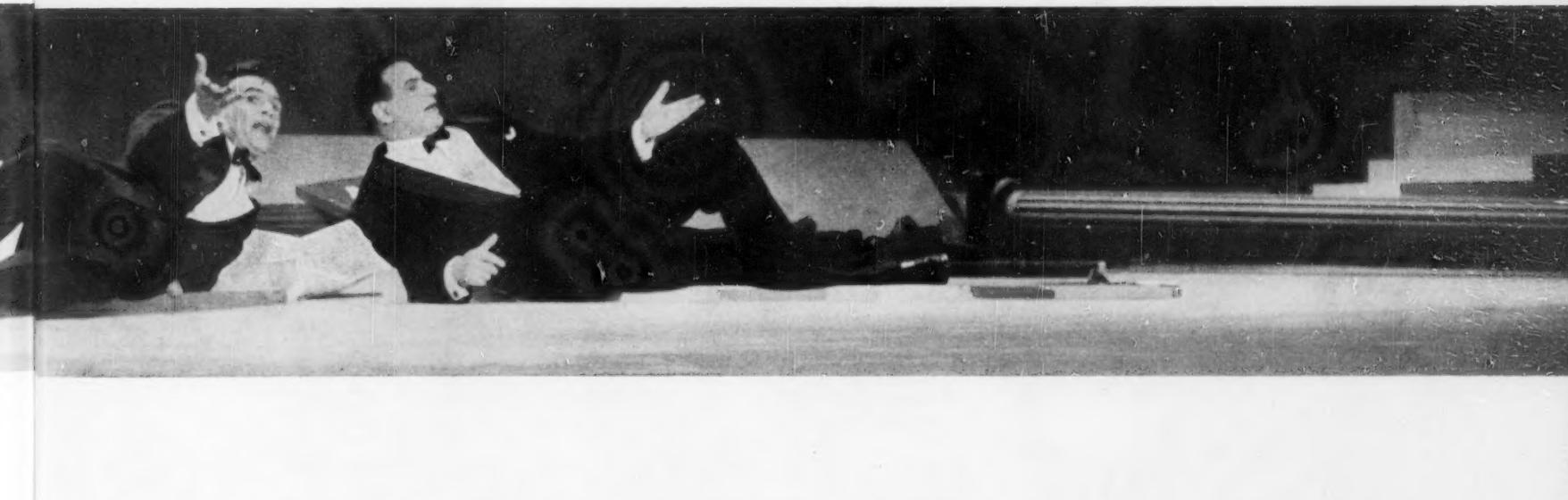
Broadway celebrities now, the comics stand outside their rehearsal studio with the show's co-producer and director.



# R & Shuster took New York

week end with two comedians who, after holding their own with

suddenly become the toast of American television critics. Here's what they did to the famous Ed Sullivan Show



The critics called Wayne and Shuster's work "literate slapstick" and "civilized comedy." Their New York agent said, "Boy, it's like a brushfire."

Several New York bars echoed a gag in their script by recaptioning the single martini a "martinus."

To reinforce the impact, Sullivan put his protégés on again the following Sunday, May 11, in a satire on the Scarlet Pimpernel called *The Brown Pumpernickel*.

People began recognizing them on the streets and in restaurants. Strangers would say, "There go those crazy Canadians."

They'd already got a standing offer from a Las Vegas night club, a request from Random House for a book, and a feeler from a recording company.

When Wayne wanted to see *Say, Darling*, a current Broadway play, while he was in New York his agent wouldn't let him go: the request for tickets had been made so late in the day that only seats in the twentieth row were available. "You're a star, baby," the agent explained patiently. "You gotta travel first class. You can't sit anywhere behind the eighth row."

They were not scheduled for the next two shows, but Sullivan decided to turn over the next show, the whole show on June 1, to the two Canadians to emcee. Sullivan needed the stand-ins because he was going to be absent in Europe lining up a future program.

On May 22, Wayne and Shuster did the last regular show of their 1957-8 season on CBC-television.

On May 26 they flew to New York to start preparations for the big assignment. It wasn't until June 13 that they knew definitely whether they'd ever work for CBC-TV again. On that day they became, by common consent, although the terms weren't announced, the highest-paid performers in Canadian television when they signed a CBC contract calling for five hour-long shows next fall and a sixth if their schedule with Sullivan leaves time for it.

The CBC deal pleased them both for more than commercial reasons. Neither wants to move permanently to New York. Shuster won't even get a haircut there—he waits till he gets back to Toronto.

The June 1 Sullivan show, telecast from New York, was a triumph for the boys. A typically

lyrical review appeared in *Variety*, the influential show-business weekly.

It went, "Johnny Wayne and Frank Shuster are probably the freshest comedy team extant." *Variety* further reported that they'd be making twenty-six appearances in all and added, "If they do as well as they did on Sunday, it could probably be called the Wayne and Shuster show."

Everything that Sullivan and the CBS staff could do to ensure their success had been done. They got the star dressing room, heady praise, respectful attention, big money and the entire resources of Sullivan's well-oiled production machinery.

Wayne and Shuster made their gratitude obvious. At the same time they consistently acted as unofficial Canadian publicity agents. In a TV interview in Toronto they'd insisted, "Canada is the big time. If you're good here you're good anywhere." In New York they kept saying, "We like Canada."

In fact it was possible to see through the whole week in New York a quiet tug-of-war between the homefires and the lure of traveling abroad—first class.

*continued over page*

These spoofs, first seen by  
CBC-TV viewers, touched off praise  
and applause in New York



The truth about television  
In a parody of the woes that beset TV stars,  
Wayne struggles with a soprano on June 1 show.



Shakespearean baseball  
Wayne (with umbrella) is the catcher, Shuster the manager, in a baseball sketch set in Stratford.



All's chaos at the climax  
"Everything's a mess," both comics chorus as the  
Television spoof ends with chorines going amok.

It started even before they arrived in New York. When Wayne phoned from Toronto to reserve rooms at Hampshire House, a posh residential hotel overlooking Central Park, the desk clerk asked courteously, "Is that John Wayne, the movie star, or John Wayne, the television star?" Wayne, the swart, monkey-faced funnyman of the team, was assigned to the Empire suite that Frank Sinatra occasionally occupies when he's on the east coast. Shuster, the sunny, soft-voiced straight man, was on the fifteenth floor. "You could learn to like this," he said.

The first day, they attended a preliminary production meeting at the CBS head offices on Madison Avenue. Sullivan's co-producer, Marlo Lewis, was in Europe till Thursday, so they were welcomed by John Wray, the director of the show.

Wray, who is also a choreographer, is a gentle, nearly bald man with prominent light-blue eyes and a boyish smile.

They discussed the line-up for the show. The other acts—seven of them—had been booked by Sullivan, some months in advance, some only the week before. They included a ballet troupe, a balancing act and five assorted singers ranging in genre from opera to rock 'n' roll. In addition to emceeing the show, Wayne and Shuster were to contribute two "bits," the indiscriminate show-business term for anything less than a full performance.

One was a song, That's Television, that they'd pioneered on their Canadian show. Based on the errors, human and mechanical, that can sabotage a telecast, it was constantly to be interrupted by intricate patterns of contrived clumsiness on stage and on camera. The other bit, also a repeat, was penciled in as The \$64,000 Squeal, a take-off on The \$64,000 Question. But five days earlier, on their final Canadian show, they'd introduced an off-beat baseball sketch in blank Shakespearean verse and Shuster, overriding Wayne's protests, insisted they try it on the American audience. "It's not as safe," he said, "but if it goes over it'll do more for us."

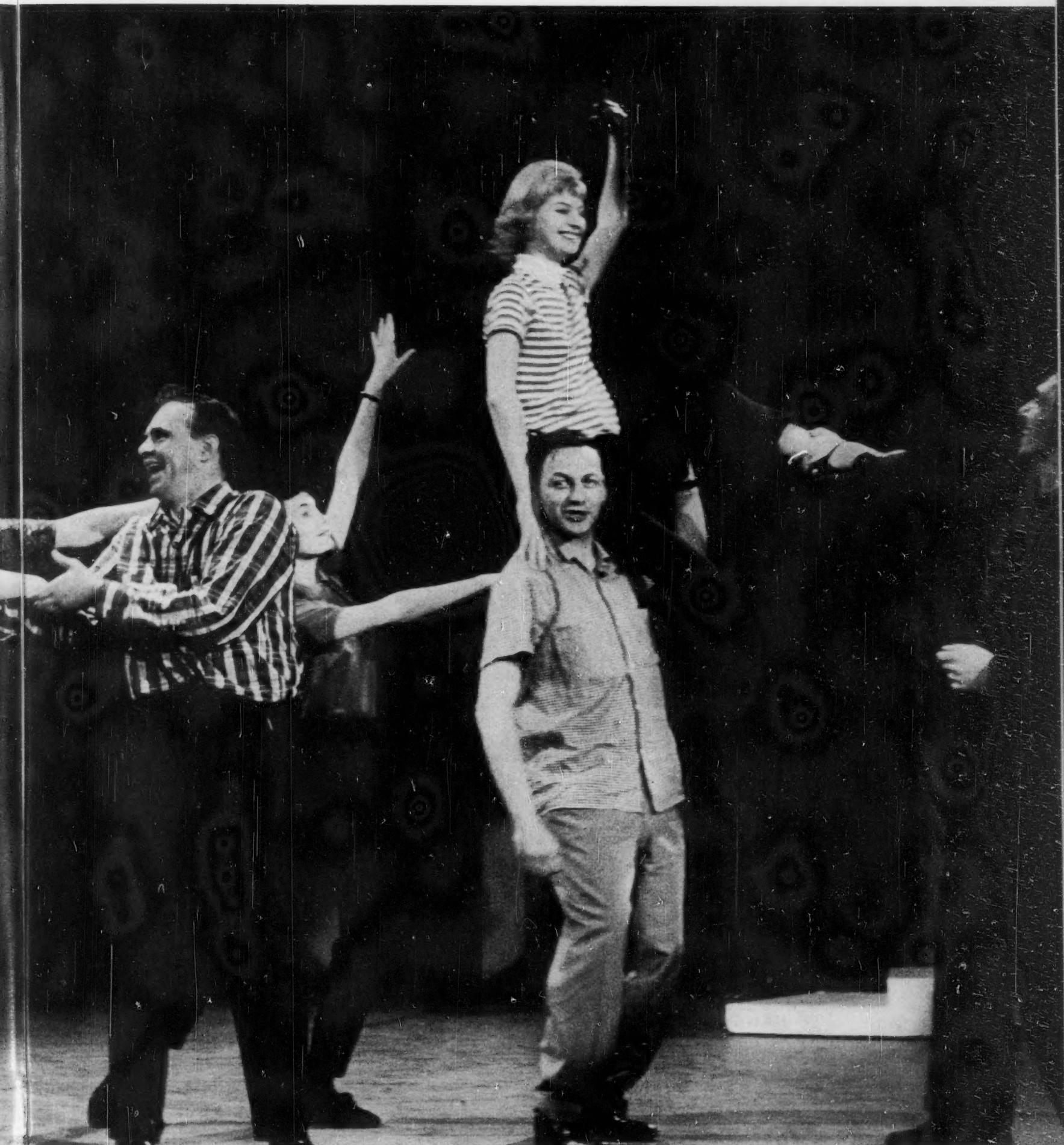
They spent the afternoon with the costume and casting departments and set designer Grover Cole. From the costume department they needed a complete set of baseball uniforms and accoutrements and sundry rig-outs for the TV song including a Valkyrie costume, size 44. From casting they needed five girls and eleven men. "In Canada, over the years, we've built up a group of people who can do our stuff," says Shuster. "We're still sorting them out in the States."

From the set designer they needed a series of stage booby-traps and an authentic baseball dugout. The designer, an elegant young man who turned out never to have been inside a ball park, took himself off to Yankee Stadium to do research.

That night the comedians did some homework on ideas for opening and closing the show, and for **continued on page 49**



BOTH BOYS clown through the Saturday rehearsal of



their Sunday show. When Sullivan (in Europe when show was broadcast) saw films he said, "This is the greatest." Observed Shuster: "It doesn't take long to learn to like this."



#### The contestants

With the first line built, a new fight promptly began over the second. The adversaries: left—Supermayor Gardiner, Mayor Phillips; right—TTC chief Lampert.



# The hectic story of Canada's subway

Until another city builds one, Toronto's subway is the whole country's property. Anybody can ride it, laugh at it, and watch the city fathers fight about it.

Even so, it still keeps more people moving far faster

BY JOHN CLARE

**T**HE REST OF CANADA may never come to feel about Toronto the way the Russians feel about Moscow or the way the French feel about Paris, but ever since the Ontario capital built the nation's first subway there has been a perceptible rise in warmth that has at times looked almost like affection. And now that the city plans to build another one, which will give it three times as much subway as before, the possible returns in neighborly love and prestige—not to mention the convenience of the residents—are impressive.

The Yonge Street subway, in addition to securing for the citizens a place of unspecified size in the hearts of their countrymen, has probably saved the city from choking to death on its own traffic. Where twelve thousand passengers an hour crept to and from work on the Yonge streetcars, forty thousand an hour can be carried at peak periods on the underground at speeds up to forty-five miles an hour. And where the streetcar ride could take more than an hour, the same ride of 4.6 miles is now made in fifteen and a half minutes at the busiest times by subway. In the old days, only four years ago, 1,300 motorcar riders

could be accommodated in an hour on the street. With the streetcars gone, as many as 2,500 can travel by car in a rush hour.

Motorcar registrations have increased by 130,000 to close to half a million in Metropolitan Toronto since the subway was opened. Traffic experts are convinced that without the relief provided by this relatively short north-south stretch of rapid transit the task of moving the downtown working force to and from the job would have become well nigh impossible.

Bloor Street, the east-west midtown route of the proposed new subway, has been saturated with traffic at rush hours for the last thirty years. It can't get worse. But with an underground providing rapid transit it can get a great deal better even though the removal of the streetcars is sure to attract enough additional motorcars to continue to strain its capacity. Where the streetcars now crawl along at nine miles an hour, carrying more than nine thousand passengers at peak hours, the new subway will whisk forty thousand of them along every hour at speeds up to sixty miles an hour between stations. The run, which streetcars are now scheduled to make in

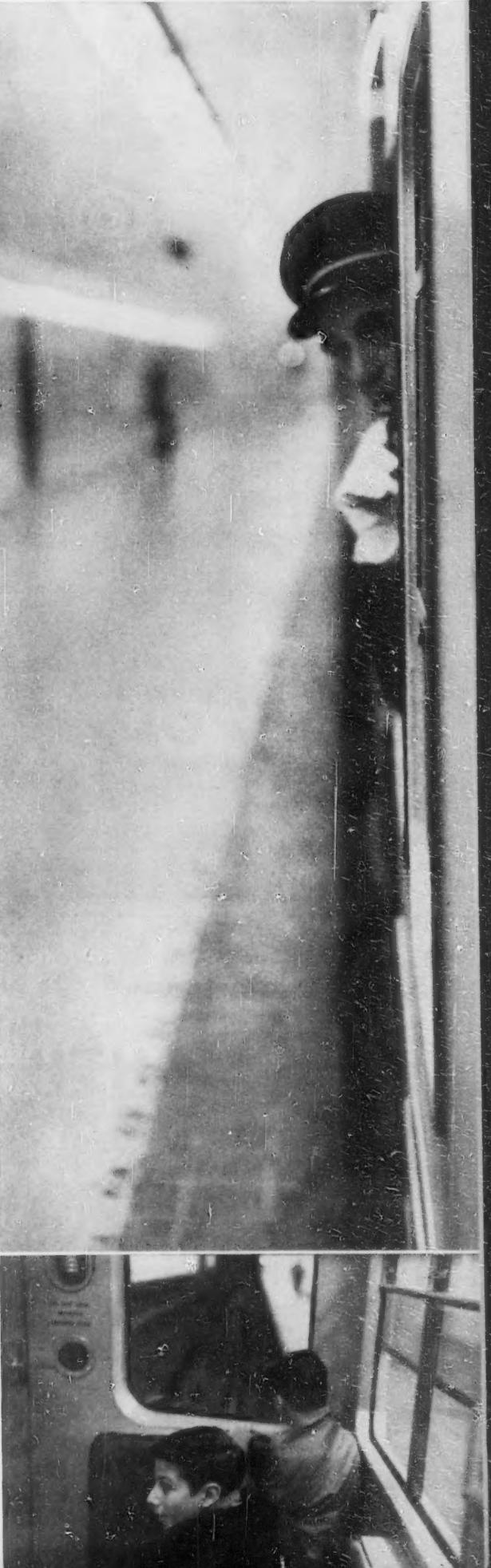
forty-nine minutes but take much longer to negotiate in heavy traffic, will be made by the subway trains in twenty-three.

Attractive as this speeded-up picture of the future is, it has not allayed all the fears, suspicions and doubts of the twenty-five members of the Metropolitan Council, who represent the City of Toronto and twelve suburban municipalities. For two years they have battled and plotted, mostly over the route of the subway. Even after the project was approved in principle and only the financing was left to be arranged, two members of the council called for a last-minute detailed examination of a device known as a monorail.

The Great Subway Debate had become an old friend to the civic legislators and there seems every reason to believe that it will continue through a series of crises, climaxes and anti-climaxes right up to the day dignitaries take their places, souvenir programs rolled up in their hands, for the inaugural run.

The debate over the second subway began to get intense just about the time the first one on Yonge Street had its inauguration in March 1954. *continued on page 42*

There's always a show going on in the Toronto subway where fur stoles mingle with sandwich wraps, alert kids with sleepy commuters, and the passenger list hits seventy-five million a year





THE STREETS OF CANADA:

## EIGHTH AVENUE

Along these seventeen Calgary blocks—a onetime bullock path  
—the destinies of Canadian oil are shaped,  
legends are spun, and fortunes made and lost with a shrug

TEXT BY **Robert Collins** PICTURES WITHOUT WORDS BY **Harry Rowed**

Two years ago H. M. (Bert) Houghton, the American-born head of an oil geophysical company in Calgary, was confronted with the fate all Calgary oilmen dread. His parent company posted him out of town, in this case to Europe.

As the deadline drew near Houghton made one last turn down narrow low-slung Eighth Avenue, nerve centre of the city and the Canadian oil industry. He filled his lungs with Chinook breezes fresh in off the Rockies. He scanned the clutter of ordinary shops and signs that hide all the romance of pioneer Alberta and Canadian oil. He jostled among Indians in plaid shirts, oil millionaires in business suits, ranchers in business suits, businessmen in cowboy suits.

Then he turned into the Eighth Avenue office of his friend, independent oil consultant John O. Galloway, and pulled out his membership cards in the Ranchmen's and Petroleum clubs.

"I want these renewed every year," he told Galloway. "I'll be back to use them, sometime. This is *home*."

It's still the cow-country's main drag—  
for all the oil boom's overlay of  
slick architecture and smiling career girls



Galloway, a stocky ex-Californian with a salt-and-pepper crewcut, understood. Six years earlier he'd quit a job rather than be transferred from Calgary. Any other Eighth Avenue geologist, general manager, vice-president or president would likewise have understood and sympathized. Calgary is the oil folks' home; Eighth is the oilman's avenue.

No other street in Canada shelters as many of the oil industry's hierarchy. Of the five hundred and fifty oil- and gas-development, exploration and producing head offices in Canada, approximately half are in Calgary and a hundred and sixteen are on Eighth. The rest are divided among twenty-two cities and towns. Altogether Calgary has four hundred and twelve head or branch offices associated with oil and about two hundred of these are on Eighth.

Superficially, Eighth is disappointing. It was built for bullock carts and buggies, not Cadillacs. Its tallest structure, the Mobil Oil building, is only eleven stories. Its seventeen blocks run through dreary **continued on next page**



**EIGHTH AVENUE** *continued*

The oil industry's hierarchy meets in its boardrooms; oil-sweetened cheques jam its banks on payday; but the sect that sent forth Aberhart's brand of Social Credit does business at the old stand

little east-end houses and crowded downtown blocks to a mere smattering of elegance in the west, where new banks strive to outdo each other with potted plants and escalators and the Sun Oil building stands gay and antiseptic in glass, steel and green tile.

To most people, Edmonton looks more of a boom town, but it isn't so. While, since 1951, Calgary's population has grown by seventy-one thousand and Edmonton's by eighty-one thousand, Calgary's increase is 53.8 percent, Edmonton's 50 percent. And although Edmonton's Jasper Avenue is broad and exhilarating, Calgary's Eighth holds the oil industry's purse. Indeed, the average Calgary annual income is \$3,633—just a dollar less than top-ranking Toronto's.

Eighth is the avenue of the mahogany boardroom, the million-dollar gamble, the Big Deal. The slang here is "land play," "rig," "wildcat," "pay zone" and "pipeline." Probably no other street has on and around it as many men who, with guts, luck and good management, parlayed nothing into fortunes. Probably no other street has as many characters, for it takes imagination and a to-hell-with-it philosophy to gamble your shirt on a hole in the ground, year after year.

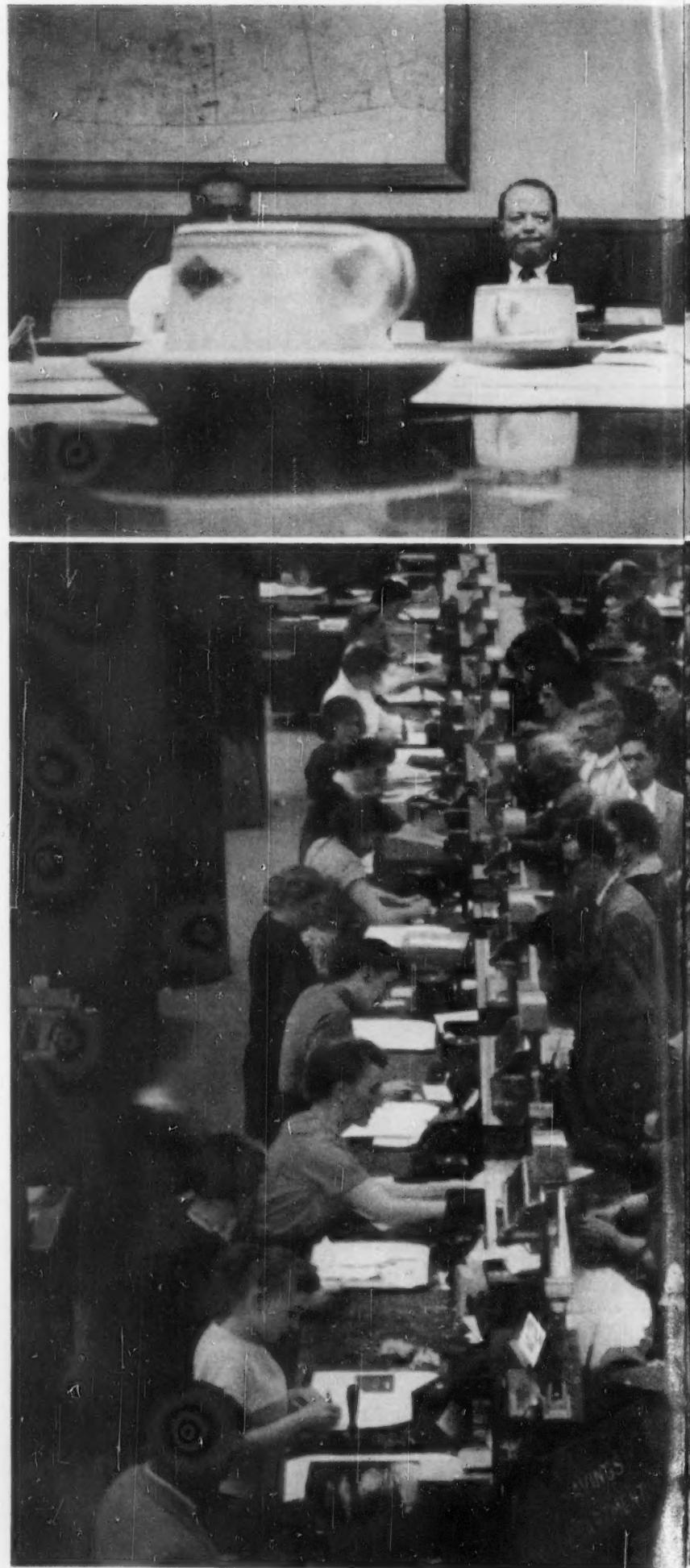
But Eighth's only visible touch of the bizarre has nothing to do with oil: La Boutique, a gift shop, and its co-owner, Princess Tania Obolensky, a tall, dramatic, chain-smoking refugee from Czarist Russia. She came to Alberta twenty-five years ago. After a stint as working partner on a foothills ranch, where she cooked for cowboys and Indians, the Princess and Edwina Milvain, a Calgary lawyer's wife, founded La Boutique. The shop, says the Princess, "is a sort of glorified Woolworth's," with silks from Hong Kong, glass from Venice, a fifty-cent four-way pocket screwdriver from New York and a \$395 alligator handbag from Singapore.

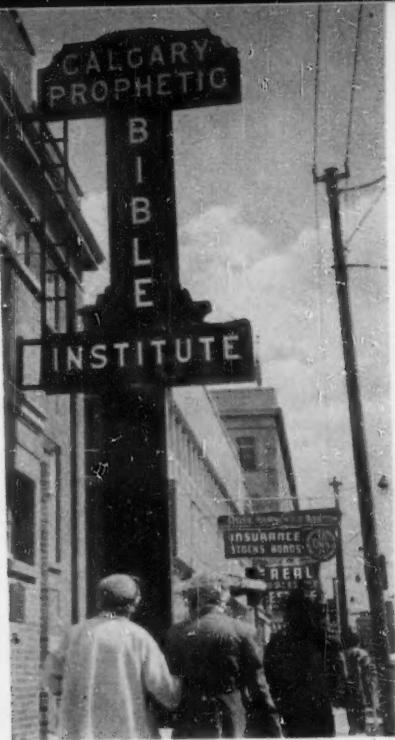
"No matter the price," cries the Princess, over strains of foreign music that flow constantly from the shop's hi-fi. "I buy only the things that I luff."

Elsewhere Eighth looks less glamorous than Seventh or Ninth with their newer glossier cube-shaped buildings. To read Eighth's story of oil you must peer into doorways and office directories. Only then will you find the twenty-nine drilling companies, the sixteen oil brokers or the seven oil consultants.

Here are men who will sell you a pipeline, or rotary drill bits, or the special "mud" that lubricates a bit during drilling. Here, inside a grimy pink building, is the monthly Oil Examiner, oldest and liveliest magazine in the industry. Lose a broken drill down your well? Eighth is headquarters for ten oil-well servicing companies. Want to move your rig? There's an oil-well trucking firm on the Avenue. Need an oil lease or leasing advice? Five firms on Eighth specialize in leases.

There is oil even in many of *continued on page 34*





ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN PLEADS

## Let's stop dropping in



A man's home  
isn't his castle  
any more—  
it's a bus stop.  
If you insist on  
dropping in on people after  
reading this harrowing case history  
you deserve to be snubbed

**E**ither the etiquette books will have to come up with some rules about dropping in on people without warning or we're going to have to go back to being "at home" at certain times to our friends and neighbors. It might have been a folksy custom for our forefathers to drop in on one another once or twice a year when they happened to be passing by. But these motorized days we are circling one another like satellites, ready to drop in any time, and it can be a real problem.

For one thing there's the problem of whether or not to leave TV on or turn it off, which brings on those little bits of verbal cable trouble that go: "I wasn't really watching it, I'll turn it off." "No, no. Leave it on. I like December Bride." "Well—do you really want to see it?" "Yes—I mean only if you do." I

notice that some people just turn the sound off and leave the picture on, as one cultured, matronly friend of mine did recently when I dropped in to visit her in the middle of *Have Gun Will Travel*. I noticed that it gave us both a sort of Dropper-In squint as we tried to concentrate on cultural topics without losing track of where *Paladin* went.

Not that I blamed her. It's hard to turn TV right off when you've got well into a program. I know I couldn't get my mind on a visit from Albert Schweitzer if *Gunsmoke* got there first. I've sat telling my daughters that it was disgusting the way they preferred TV to homework, good books and good conversation. Then unexpected callers have arrived, and I've suddenly realized with a shock, as I switched off a gripping murder mystery, that

I preferred TV to my friends. If you ask me, the whole problem of TV and visitors is something that the etiquette experts should take up instead of what to say when a guest spills a glass of water. It's going to cause a lot more soggy friendships.

I've noticed, too, that the writers of books on etiquette are still receiving visitors while languidly lying on a couch smelling roses in some big old mansion. Emily Post, for instance, says that it's permissible to call past your maid, who has just said that you're not at home, "Come in, Mary! I am at home to you!"

This implies a brand of spacious living that has nothing to do with today's functional little ranch houses. You don't call past anyone to a visitor today. From the time you open the





door the visitor is in full view and earshot from every angle of modern interior design. He doesn't visit a person: he joins the family and anything that happens to be going on.

A little while ago I dropped in on a friend at the end of a kid's birthday party. I stood there, somehow convinced that everybody was glad to see me, while the mother waded around through tissue paper and mixtures of crushed chocolate cake and candles, trying to get her youngsters quietened down in the bedroom, which was just around a short corner from where I sat. Finally she flaked out in a chair and gave a sigh that would have blown out the candles on a cake six feet away, just as I said:

"By gosh! I forgot I brought the kids some little airplanes."

I was still trying to figure out why she was signaling frantically when the kids started coming out of the bedroom in their pajamas to kiss me goodnight, kiss their mother goodnight, kiss their father goodnight, kiss the dog goodnight and look for the airplanes. Their mother looked as if she'd liked to have kissed me goodnight with a handful of soft strawberry ice cream.

Another thing about surprising people in today's homes is that it gives nobody time to prepare his mind or face for the surprise. I've sat down after supper to do my accounts and have looked up vaguely from my desk at the sound of the doorbell, just as I had totalled up my debts and found that what I suspected was true—I was bankrupt. There was a woman from across the street standing on

my porch with one thumb on the doorbell, while she leaned over my porch railing looking into my window to see if I were answering it. I sat there staring back at her with the exact expression I'd been using on a thousand-dollar overdraft. Forming my lips in a delighted "Hello, there!" as I got up to let her in didn't help. She'd seen me the first time, and it was the last time she dropped in.

Actually I didn't know the woman very well, which is another problem about dropping in today. Fifty years ago people tended to have the same neighbors for the biggest part of a lifetime. But people haven't the same roots as they used to have, and often move into new subdivisions without hedges, trees or fences, with a lot of strange people who have more lei-

**continued on page 31**



Astride a stable pony, the world's most successful jockey starts a typical day at Santa Anita at 6:30 a.m. The horses warming up are trained by his oldest son, Vance.

#### JOHNNY LONGDEN TELLS HIS OWN STORY · CONCLUSION

Today, at 48, Longden is rich, respected and famous.

Why doesn't he retire? Here are his reasons—horseplay in the jockeys' room, colts that may become great, and a special "feel" unknown to outsiders.

For Longden this is

**My world, the race track**

BY JOHNNY LONGDEN  
with  
TRENT FRAYNE

**A**t five-thirty every morning something stirs in my head and I'm wide awake and sometimes I even grin there in the dark. After all these years I still feel a tingle as I climb into my clothes to go to the track where I'll get on a horse and we'll have a little gallop. I don't eat.

A race track is a world in itself and if it happens to be your world you can really accept no other. This is where you'll find men of all ages, some of whom don't seem to have a dime to their names. They want no other life. There's an informality and a language and an atmosphere at this place that you'll find nowhere else, and it doesn't matter whether it's at Santa Anita in California or at the old Woodbine track in Toronto or even the long-gone little park called Whittier in Winnipeg. They all have known this unique melding of men and horses.

When the dawn comes up at Santa Anita a thin veil of mist begins to lift as the sun starts beaming through. There is the fresh clean smell of early morning, and off in the distance the hazy green bulge of the San Gabriel Mountains looms beyond the backstretch. Dew is now glistening on the flowers in the paddock gardens back of the grandstand, thousands and thousands of yellow and orange and violet islands in the green lawns.

In the stabling area along the neat rows of barns there's the smell of race tracks everywhere—a blend of fresh hay and straw and manure and grass and horses. You can hear birds chirping and horses clop-cloping toward the training track. Boys in black turtleneck sweaters and caps turned backwards down their necks perch high on the prancing thoroughbreds. The boys cluck at their mounts or murmur softly to them or run a hand down their long glistening necks. A man is whistling as he pitchforks straw into a stall and somewhere a radio is sending out a lilting tune.

When I get to the track I wave to the cop on the gate leading to the stabling area, drive down a bumpy dirt road between the long low rectangular barns to the one where my horses are stabled. I call them "my" horses but they really aren't. I just mean that I ride them. Any horse you ride in a race becomes "your" horse. These horses belong to three Calgary businessmen, Wilder Ripley, Frank McMahon and Max Bell, who formed a stable seven years ago and called it Alberta Ranches. My son Vance trains their horses and I ride them at the winter meetings in California. Max Bell is an old friend of mine. I knew his father, George Bell, back in Calgary in the late 1920s when I was just starting out. Max Bell has looked after a number of investments for me and there have been rumors that I own a piece of Alberta Ranches. I don't. Maybe I will some day, I don't know. There's a rule in racing that says a jockey can't be an owner, and I'm a jockey. There's no point in breaking the rules.

Alberta Ranches has some good stock and is slowly becoming an important stable. But breeding and training horses to be winners takes time. The stable owns about a hundred horses—broodmares, stallions, yearlings and weanlings. Roughly thirty horses are in training at any given time, meaning that they're actively racing. Vance trains these and we talk **continued on page 39**



Left: a track valet helps Longden pull on his riding boots. The jockey has just finished a daily quarter-hour steam bath. Below: horseplay in the jocks' room. Jockey Ralph Neves is butchering Longden's hair while a cheering gallery forms.



**Big races, no luck:** On June 4 Longden and Alberta Blue (nearing the gate second from right, above) finished sixth in England's Derby. June 7 he led our Queen's Plate Field briefly (below) on Stole the Ring, ended third.





## Sweet & sour



"Has 'stick-up' one or two p's?"



### Old pals I can't seem to persuade my wife to meet

BY PARKE CUMMINGS

"**You'd get a real bang out of Gus.** What a sense of humor! I remember one time we're at this dinner party, and they bring on the tossed salad. The hostess takes one nibble, and then screams and faints. It seems Gus had been out gathering live grasshoppers, and—"

"**Barney's a real individualist** if I ever saw one, the way he dresses. I'll never forget the time he turned up at a formal wedding in white tie and tails and a pair of dungarees. And another time he goes to a christening party in shorts. Just shorts, not even a shirt on—"

"**I'm telling you,** Joe's got a mind like a steel trap. Suppose you're talking to him and you make some simple statement like, fr'instance, kids should go to school. Well, Joe takes the other side, and pretty soon you're so darn confused you don't know whether you're coming or—"

"**Bill's the sweetest,** most generous guy you ever met, although he does have one fault—if you want to call it that. Last time I saw him he hadn't shaved in seven years, and by now I guess that would be at least—"

**CANADIAN HISTORY REVISITED**

By Peter Whalley

SAMUEL HEARNE'S ARCTIC JOURNEY 1770



CANADA **P** PACKERS



*Set store by this mark...*

it sets store  
by your  
enjoyment



*Cloud-light Cheese Soufflé with all the goodness of dairy-fresh eggs and tangy Canadian cheese, garnished with bacon strips—all quality Maple Leaf products from Canada Packers.*

Our "CP" mark gives you a reliable guide in selecting the fine foods you buy. Because it pledges you your money's worth in finest quality.

But those two words "finest quality" could be very empty if nothing were done to give them the meaning you expect.

What we do always starts with *careful selection*. For instance —a mouth-watering cheese soufflé like the one you see here really begins when our buyers select its basic ingredients. Then, after starting with the best raw materials, we do our level best to make these fine foods even finer. And make sure they reach you just that way. That goes for all our products.

Do we succeed? Well, *you* have the final say-so there. Which is why we set so much store by our "CP" pledge. It demands of us that we set the finest standards we know how.

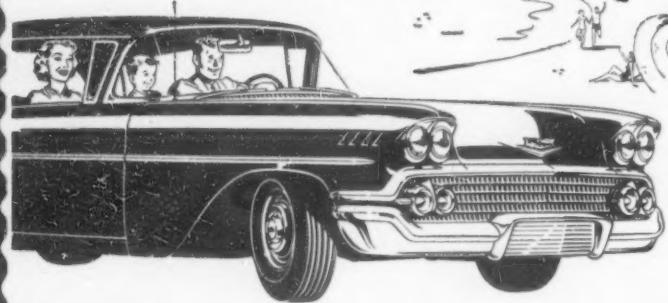
CANADA **P** PACKERS



**RENT A NEW CAR**

## **GO TILDEN**

**...on your next vacation**



- summer or winter, it's the most convenient and enjoyable way to travel
- five can ride for the price of one . . . gas, oil and proper insurance included
- all you need is your driver's license and identification
- plan your vacation now; call your local Tilden man to reserve a new Chev or other fine car anywhere in the world

Canada's Largest and Only Canadian-owned Rent-a-car System  
—125 Stations Coast to Coast

In many centres you can also rent or charter-a-plane through Tilden — call your local Tilden station for information.

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SYSTEM

SYSTEM HEAD OFFICE: 1194 STANLEY STREET, MONTREAL

## *Great*

### NAME

Since 1887, William Grant and his descendants have produced and exported Grant's Scotch all over the world.

### SCOTCH

Grant's Glenfiddich distillery is the largest of its kind in Scotland. Still family owned—pride establishes excellence.

### PACKAGE

Tall, triangular, unique, the new Grant's bottle bears the Clan motto "Stand Fast"—the name by which the brand is known in Scotland.

*Grants*  
SCOTCH WHISKY



# Maclean's Movies

RATED BY CLYDE GILMOUR



### BEST BET

**THE VIKINGS:** Kirk Douglas, his left eye blinded by a killer hawk, flamboyantly portrays a Norse warrior in this spectacular ninth-century adventure. Tony Curtis (left), a rebellious slave, does not know that he and his fierce master are half-brothers. As their father, Ernest Borgnine is a zestful senior Viking, and Janet Leigh is a too-placid princess of Wales whose beauty ignites the frosty fjords. The film, gory and raucous, is a worthy specimen of its kind, and camera-ace Jack Cardiff's color photography deserves an Oscar nomination.

**GUNMAN'S WALK:** A well-acted, crisply directed western compounded of such over-familiar elements as the autocratic but warmhearted ranch-king (Van Heflin), his noble and ignoble sons (James Darren, Tab Hunter), and a lovely half-breed (Kathryn Grant).

**HORROR OF DRACULA:** Fiction's No. 1 blood-sucking vampire (frighteningly played by Christopher Lee) again slumbers by day and kills by night. Morbid and ghoulish though it is, the picture at least has the merit of taking its hideous story quite seriously.

**NO TIME FOR SERGEANTS:** Andy Griffith, repeating his famous stage role, is perfectly cast as a Herculean hillbilly whose mammoth friendliness almost paralyzes the United States Air Force. The best moments in this service farce are hilarious but it's much too long and the joke wears thin before the finish.

**VERTIGO:** Even such a master-craftsman as director Alfred Hitchcock sometimes forgets that more than enough is too much, as he proves in this photogenic San Francisco suspense-mystery, which is still badly in need of the cutter's shears. However, like most of Mr. H.'s products, it offers numerous fascinations along the way. James Stewart is a detective who is afraid of heights, and Kim Novak is a puzzling beauty who may or may not be a murder victim.

### GILMOUR'S GUIDE TO THE CURRENT CROP

All at Sea:	British comedy. Good.
All Mine to Give:	Drama. Fair.
Another Time, Another Place:	Drama. Poor.
Bitter Victory:	War drama. Fair.
The Bridge on the River Kwai:	Action drama. Tops.
The Brothers Karamazov:	Drama. Good.
Carve Her Name With Pride:	True-life espionage drama. Good.
Chase a Crooked Shadow:	British suspense thriller. Good.
Count 5 and Die:	Spy drama. Fair.
Cowboy:	Western. Good.
Cry Terror:	Suspense. Good.
Dangerous Exile:	Costume drama. Fair.
Desire Under the Elms:	Sex farm melodrama. Good.
The Enemy Below:	War at sea. Good.
Fiend Without a Face:	Horror. Fair.
Fraulein:	Postwar drama. Fair.
Gigli:	Musical. Excellent.
The Goddess:	Drama. Fair.
God's Little Acre:	Comedy-drama of Deep South. Good.
The Haunted Strangler:	Horror. Fair.
High Cost of Loving:	Comedy. Good.
Just My Luck:	Comedy. Poor.
Kings Go Forth:	War drama. Good.
The Long, Hot Summer:	Deep South comedy-drama. Good.
The Mark of the Hawk:	Africa race-hate drama. Fair.
The Matchmaker:	Comedy. Fair.
Merry Andrew:	Comedy. Good.
Miracle in Soho:	Comedy. Fair.
Miracle of Marcelino:	Drama. Good.
The Naked Truth:	Comedy. Good.
Paris Holiday:	Comedy. Fair.
Paths of Glory:	Drama. Excellent.
Peyton Place:	Drama. Good.
Portrait of a Princess (formerly Story of Vickie):	Comedy-drama. Fair.
Riffi:	Crime drama. Good.
Rooney:	British comedy. Good.
Run Silent, Run Deep:	Submarine drama. Good.
Saddle the Wind:	Western. Good.
St. Louis Blues:	Biography with music. Poor.
Screaming Mimi:	Suspense. Poor.
The Sheepman:	Western comedy-drama. Good.
Stakeout on Dope Street:	Narcotics melodrama. Fair.
Teacher's Pet:	Comedy. Good.
Ten North Frederick:	Drama. Good.
Touch of Evil:	Drama. Fair.
Violent Playground:	Drama. Fair.
Windom's Way:	Drama. Good.
Witness for the Prosecution:	Courtroom comedy-drama. Good.
The Young Lions:	War drama. Good.



## Let's stop dropping in

Continued from page 25

sure time to drop in on one another than at any other time in history.

There's one neighbor who visits me regularly and sits in my living room looking oddly as if he were sitting in front of an electric fan, with his tie blown back over his shoulder and his lips drawn back as he shouts "Eh?" at me in the manner of a man trying to be heard over a strong wind. The only reason he drops in, as far as I can see, is that there's a light on in my house and no fence to keep him out, because the minute I start to say anything he shouts "Eh?" and laughs. Not that it matters, as I'm waiting for him to leave and just filling in time by mumbling something about cold weather being colder than warm weather. But between my not thinking of what I'm saying and his not listening to it, we might as well be in two other subdivisions.

"Just thought I'd drop in and see if you were still alive," he says.

"Oh, yes," I say, chuckling, "I'm alive."

"Eh?" he shouts, baring his teeth as if looking out of the cockpit of an old Sopwith Camel.

"I'm alive," I say.

"Oh, yes," he says, as if thinking maybe writers get funnier as they go along. "Well, there's no use complaining. Nobody ever listens anyway."

We stare at one another.

"Have you minded the heat?" he says. "Not much. It isn't the heat, it's the—"

"Eh?" he shouts.

I wonder how long a conversation like this can last and realize it can go on until about 1978 if someone feeds us occasionally.

Some days there are so many people dropping in at my place that it gets a bit like a bus station. One day, within an hour, when I was trying to get some work done, an old gentleman dropped in with a little wax-paper bag of old bones for my cat; a literary woman dropped in with a copy of a quarterly called *The Flame*; a retired railway worker across the road came over when he saw me emptying my wastepaper basket and kept me there holding the lid of my garbage pail like Horatio defending the bridge while he tried to remember the name of an Ontario contractor who fitted into some story he told me.

"You know his name," he said. "He used to be a big man in shingles in Oshawa."

"I know who you mean," I said, edging toward the door. "It'll come to me later."

Just then the literary woman came back and said she'd forgotten to copy something out of *The Flame* and could she have it back for a few minutes and I realized I'd just thrown it out. But I couldn't tell her this and said I had slipped it into a magazine somewhere. I had to pretend to look for it for ten minutes. I was thinking of showing her the little bag of bones to get her mind off it, when the second man distracted her for me by coming back and calling in the screen door.

"I thought of that name," he said,



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### HAM BAKED WITH BEER



- Whole or half ham
- 1 c. molasses or brown sugar
- 2 tsps. dry mustard
- Whole cloves
- 1 tbsp. pepper (exactly)
- 1 large onion cut in four
- 1 carrot cut in pieces
- 1 stick celery, with leaves
- 1 cup Dow Beer

1. Remove skin from ham; score fat diagonally, place clove in each diamond. Set ham on sheet of heavy duty aluminum foil in shallow pan, garnish with vegetables.
2. Mix molasses (or sugar) with dry mustard, pepper and beer. Pour over ham. Fold foil lightly around ham, to retain juices. Bake in 400°F. oven: 16 minutes per pound for whole ham; 18 minutes per pound for half ham. Delicious hot or cold.

\*For FREE COPY of this unusual new cookbook compiled by Mme. Jehane Benoit—"Cooking with Dow"—write: Dow Brewery Ltd., P.O. Box 8400, Montreal, Que.



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**"Dropping-in is based on false concepts — like the one: We like our friends for what they are"**

smiling with relief. "It was Gerrard."

We should be able to just explain intelligently to people that they've dropped in at the wrong time, without hurting their feelings. But I've only seen this tried once, by a woman who is devoted to music and who lives for Sunday afternoon when she and her husband listen to the New York Philharmonic. One time a new neighbor of hers dropped in halfway through Beethoven's Seventh, with some shrubs, and the woman in the house explained at the door that as far as *she* was concerned she was glad to see her. But, she said, with an enlightened little smile, she didn't know how Toscanini would feel about it, and she thought it was inconsiderate to interrupt a great artist and didn't the shrub-bearer think so too?

The woman said she understood perfectly and she was glad she'd been so frank and enlightened and honest with her, then went home and told her husband that they lived next door to lunatics. The closest this woman's family has ever got to serious music is that they all have Italian motor scooters.

Anyway, the whole idea of dropping in on people without warning is based on some false concepts, like the one that true friendship overrides everything and that we like our friends for what they are, not for what they're wearing or doing or how we catch them.

But we don't like our friends for what they are: we like them for what they'd like to be, and it's only fair to give them a chance to get into the part, which, incidentally, is the idea behind formality. We don't even like ourselves for what we are. I know that visitors have caught sides of me showing that I don't expect or want anyone to like. I've had my kids' minister drop in because he "wanted to meet the father of two such lovely girls," a few minutes after I'd been threatening to clobber them with their bicycle pump and was sitting there trying to raise my feeling of togetherness to a level where I just wanted to kick them. Another time, a big, gentle gardener of whom I've always been very fond, and who is one of the few non-writers I know who thinks writing is hard work, dropped in on me when I'd been feeling a bit nervous and had decided to take three straight belts of bourbon before going to bed, figuring I

would be upstairs in bed before I went into orbit. I'd just finished the last one and was waiting for my breath to come back when this man dropped in. I sat there talking to him for half an hour carefully uncrossing my eyes and trying to pronounce things like chrysanthemum without letting him know there was anything wrong with me except that I was just plain tuckered out.

I've dropped in on people at even worse times. I've stood smiling on a friend's porch looking through those little windows in the front door waiting for the first delighted sign of recognition and have seen people's faces stiffen as if they'd seen a harpy. One time a little boy raced delightedly into a house from the curb to announce my unexpected arrival and I heard an agonized "Oh, NO!" float out of an upstairs window somebody thought was closed. I've also dropped into the dead centre of a family fight and begun apologizing and saying I shouldn't have come, and they've said no, no, it's alright, stay right where you are, and sat looking at one another with bloodless faces and banking shots off me for the end pocket. I've seen a visit like this end with me sitting silently with the husband, whose eyes kept wandering to the bedroom where his wife had disappeared apparently to hang herself.

I've dropped into homes intending to visit guys that I've only known downtown, where they gave the impression that they lived a jolly, uninhibited life, and found myself visiting wives who looked as if they wished I'd drop dead. One noon hour I ran into a man I used to work with who reminded me, as we chatted at the corner of Bay and Adelaide, that I'd never been out to his place and why didn't I drop in?

"You're not waiting for a special engraved invitation are you?" he chuckled as he edged off into the crowd.

I didn't think of it again, and I know now that he didn't either, until one day in the summer up at Woodland Beach, where we both had cottages. I'd been out in the morning rounding up my kids' tomcat who had been on a three-day binge and when I caught him and started back to my cottage I recognized the name of this man's place and dropped in. He was at home with his only daughter and



his wife, a tall, unhappy-looking blonde who sat with her knees pressed together peering at her toes. I sat talking and chain-smoking and stroking my cat, who lay in my lap upside down and looking relaxed except for an occasional bite at a flea. I gradually realized that I was doing all the talking. This guy sat with the most intent and nervously expectant expression I've ever seen. It was a few weeks later that I found out that his wife was allergic to cigarette smoke, his daughter was allergic to cat fur, he was allergic to his wife, who didn't like his friends, and they all were allergic to me. What he had been looking forward to so expectantly was my leaving, and if this is folksy informality give me a good old formal invitation every time. It can be engraved, and delivered on a silver platter by a coachman, so long as everyone knows I'm coming.

This sort of thing could be avoided if we went back to using those cards people used to send out—Mrs. So-and-So will be at home from four to six. This didn't mean that she would be out at all other times. It just meant that she didn't want to see anybody in between, and it was a lot more honest and realistic than pretending that we want to see everybody any time. It was also a lot less rude than the way, for instance, I received a visitor recently when I was lying under the kitchen sink trying to repair a drain. An inveterate dropper-in from across the street said "Hoo hoo" through the open door. I thought it was my wife and called to her, "All we need now is someone to drop in." When I finally came out from under the sink like an old slug, she was talking to my wife in the living room and ignoring me and my transparent attempt to patch things up with, "I was just telling my wife that that hole in the sink was big enough to drop in." It was bad enough to be exposed as a rather incompetent liar, but it was worse to be exposed as a liar who looked the way I looked. I don't look picturesquely industrious when I lock horns with a job around the house. I look vaguely unhealthy. I don't look like a workman: I look like a tout, bulging through an old pair of pants I bought when the London Drape was all the rage, a sort of 1932 version of the Teddy Bear outfit.

But my behavior was no more rude, when you come to think of it, than dropping in on people without warning. These visits are always planned for the convenience of the dropper-in. We never drop in on anyone when we're worried, depressed or jammed for time, but we often drop in on people when they're in all these three states at once. We all have a peculiar conviction that when we're feeling good everybody wants to see us.

I remember one time in Florida when a middle-aged couple I know, who are enthusiastic bird watchers and shell pickers and who haven't missed a sunrise since they were married, dropped in in the middle of the morning—their morning—to tell an unhealthy friend of mine that they'd spotted a wood ibis. They just walked in and broke the news to him as he was sitting there holding cold cotton wads to his eyes and groping for his cigarettes. Once they'd said they'd seen a wood ibis, he figured it finished everything they had to say to one another until the cocktail hour, and just wandered back into his bedroom.

It hurt their feelings and ended a fledgling friendship before it started, and I suppose was unforgivable. But if you ask me, it was their own fault. They had indulged in an uncivilized habit, and if they were uncivilly treated because of it they were only getting exactly what they deserved. ★



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## Eighth Avenue, Calgary



continued from page 23

### "In Calgary 2,240 people earn over \$10,000. The sky's the limit"

Eighth's fourteen branches of chartered banks. Entire bank floors are devoted to oil and gas with wall maps, murals, "museums" with crude-oil samples, and experts to explain taxes or statistics.

Oil makes its presence felt even among

non-oil companies, when the latter try to hire top employees. In some wage categories, non-oil companies can't compete. According to the provincial government bureau of statistics, a junior male clerk can earn up to \$226 a month

with a Calgary oil company, compared with \$218 with any other city firm. A Calgary male office supervisor can make up to \$432 if he's in oil; \$403 with any other company.

Two thousand, two hundred and forty

Calgarians earn ten thousand a year or more. For an entrepreneur such as Cliff Walker, a round-faced ex-farm boy of thirty-eight, the sky's the limit. Ten years ago Walker was an Edmonton car salesman. Then he and a friend negotiated a bank loan without security, founded a drilling company and subsequently helped found Merrill Petroleum.

By 1957 Walker could afford to build a fifty-one-room ranch house near Calgary. It has a milk bar, carpets the Walkers shopped for in India, a TV set in the bedroom ceiling, nine bathrooms and a swimming pool. For the four little Walkers there is a junior gym, steam bath, shower and miniature billiard table. Once, an Indian en route home from a rodeo strayed into the Walker mansion, fell asleep in the study and lay undetected until morning.

When Merrill Petroleum merged with Pacific Petroleum late in 1957 the former had interests in a thousand wells and produced about two million barrels of crude a year. Merrill's former offices on Eighth are now occupied by Merit Oils Ltd., a Walker associate.

Meanwhile, as a director of "Pacific Pete," Walker is now matched with Pacific's chairman of the board, Frank McMahon (with offices a short block off Eighth), who likewise lives in the grand manner. Ex-driller McMahon has a flair for the theatrical: he went to school with Bing Crosby, has backed Broadway plays and, last October, turned on natural gas in his Westcoast Transmission line in a manner worthy of Hollywood's late Mike Todd. McMahon transported his guests to northern B.C. in a fleet of aircraft stocked with food and drink, and handed out three hundred and fifty overcoats and pairs of overshoes.

Another oil-company head—H. John Eastman, of Denver, with head office in Calgary—has kept the oil flag flying by winning four consecutive costume prizes in the annual Calgary Stampede parade. Eastman emerged triumphant last year in hand-embroidered cowboy clothes, matching six guns with silver bullets and a saddle dripping with silver fittings.

Still another Calgary oilman invented the now-celebrated Sunshine Steak Sauce. While at breakfast in Sunshine ski lodge near Banff he thought he detected gloom among his fellow diners. Accordingly he sent everyone a generous glass of his custom-made "steak sauce"—rye whisky with grapefruit juice. Elderly women were soon giggling over their scrambled eggs and the oilman went away with a distinct sense of achievement.

Not all of the oil colony are characters and those who are can be excused. Most came up the hard way. A case in point is Clifton Cross, sixty-three years old, short and perpetually jolly, looking somewhat like Santa Claus in a Florida tan and Stetson hat.

Cross is Eighth Avenue's sparkplug. In his handsome office with the lemon-colored folding doors one may find him feet atop the mahogany desk, ordering twenty-five saddles and horses for a Grey Cup parade or a few dozen square dancers, cowboy singers and chuck-wagons for the Eighth Avenue jamboree, held five mornings of every Stampede week. Cross is father of this street carnival. One year he organized square dancing and singing in his office, had so much fun he moved it onto Eighth and so a Stampede fixture was born.

It was Cross, too, who once escorted two bears to his offices in the Lancaster Building. The bears were tame but not housebroken, which distressed the building superintendent. Cross now bans bears

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but has admitted a few Shetland ponies.

Promoter Cross is head of C. C. Cross and Company and a director of Trans-Empire Oils, a consolidation of several companies he founded in Leduc days. But once he was a Toronto newspaper boy (he borrowed seven cents to buy his first twelve papers) and, later, an impoverished Regina broker. When he came to Eighth in the Thirties "I used to go next door now and then to borrow five bucks from Carl Nickle."

The rest of the time Nickle borrowed from Cross; not long before, Carl Nickle had been swinging a shovel in a relief work camp. Now forty-three-year-old Carl is director of several oil companies and publisher of the Daily Oil Bulletin, the annual Oil and Gas Directory, and has an interest in the weekly Oil in Canada. His father, Sam Sr., who used to operate a shoe store, is president of Anglo-American Oils. His brother, Sam Jr., runs Nickle Map Service on Eighth, providing aerial maps of western Canada for oil and mining companies.

The Nickle story is comparable with the Alex Bailey story, also on Eighth. Bailey Selburn is one of the top four independent oil and gas companies but twenty years ago president Bailey was a Kresge's assistant manager in Montreal and Ottawa. He got into the oil business in 1944, founded his own company in 1949 and amalgamated into the present organization in 1952. New Bailey Selburn produces forty-five hundred barrels a day while its unassuming president refutes the theory that all successful oilmen are eccentrics and American.

#### Calgary for Texas? Never

The odds are *against* their being American. Of the six thousand nine hundred and thirty oil-company employees in Calgary, not more than three or four hundred are U.S. citizens. Of these, George Dunlap, the soft-spoken, sedately dressed general manager of Sun Oil, is typical. A family man, he lives in south Calgary, loves Alberta winters, sits on the symphony board and is a member of the General Assembly, Presbyterian Church of Canada.

"My wife cried when we had to leave our home in Dallas," says Dunlap. "But now we'd never leave Calgary, not even for Texas."

Most Americans in Alberta got their start as farmers or ranchers, long before oil. There was a time before oil. Its story, too, is etched on Eighth for those who can read it. There, at the east end, is the cairn commemorating old Fort Calgary, established by the Royal North West Mounted Police in 1875. The Mounties are still on Eighth in the Calgary Public Building.

For a while the railway was everything so, naturally, Eighth, the most important street, was in the beginning called Stephen after CPR president Lord Mount Stephen.

In those days the Alberta Hotel on Eighth had the biggest bar between Vancouver and Winnipeg. Newspaperman Bob Edwards, later of the Calgary Eye-Opener, took refreshment there. So did Paddy Nolan, the great criminal lawyer who kept offices on Eighth, and Mother Fulham, one of Nolan's regular clients, who drank with abandon, kept pigs and spurned soap and water. Once she went to her doctor with a sore leg. The doctor removed the stocking and gasped, "I'll bet five dollars that's the dirtiest leg in the west."

"You're on!" cried Mother Fulham, baring the other leg and collecting the five.

By the end of the century Eighth was

the cattleman's avenue. The grey old Pat Burns building is still there, memento of a Stampede co-founder, meat-packing magnate and perhaps the greatest rancher of them all.

With the cattlemen came the remittance men—young Englishmen, often of noble birth, out to seek a fortune or escape some nameless shadow at home. So, in 1890, began the aimless career of Robert Purcell (Percy) Grosvenor, distant cousin of the first Duke of Grosvenor and descendant of an earl who fought beside William the Conqueror. Gros-

venor was first a CPR laborer; served with the Canadian infantry in France, inherited a legacy; invested it well.

But somewhere along the way Grosvenor turned his back on society. Tall, gentle, with impeccable accent, hawk-like profile and untidy clothes, he began to room behind Eighth and surrounding avenues, filling a pushcart with rubbish. Finally, not long ago, he entered a veterans' hospital clutching the oddly assorted relics of his life: a few faded photographs of English mansions and nobility, a copy of his genealogy and a list of

securities valued at a hundred and sixty thousand dollars.

In his pushcart days Grosvenor prowled behind ghosts of the past, such as Eighth's Leeson-Lineham block, relic of the men who struck Alberta's first oil in the Waterton Lakes area fifty-six years ago. Or he passed behind Alberta Consolidated Oils Ltd., sole Eighth Avenue survivor of the first Turner Valley boom. A.P. Con's offices are no bigger than the anterooms of some of its competitors. But while thousands of companies have failed, this one, through caution, is solid-



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**What's for dinner?**

When it's four o'clock and I'm stuck, and I don't want to fuss—that's when I open our kitchen cabinet "wine cellar".

I whip together some bits of canapes—salami around gherkins, sliced olives, sardines and cheese on thin crackers—you know the thing. With that, glasses of Bright's Canadian '74' Sherry. After that, spaghetti and cheese or whatever, seems just right.

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ly entrenched in Leduc, Turner Valley and the Bindloss gas field on the Trans-Canada Pipeline route.

Little A.P. Con was organized under its present name in 1914, the year Calgary became capital of the oil industry. On May 14 that year veteran driller A. W. Dingman brought in a sixty-foot gusher in Turner Valley, forty miles to the southwest. Calgary barbershops, cigar stores, hotel lobbies, livery stables, even the railway station rented space to brokers.

Money piled up in clothes baskets, waste baskets, buckets. Every loyal Calgarian bought stock. What stock? It didn't matter. Five hundred "companies" were formed in a few weeks. Some hired saleswomen to woo the woman speculator. Most, such as the now-defunct Calgary Alberta Oils on Eighth, ran extravagant, screaming, full-page newspaper advertisements:

"Cunningham Craig says, 'And the best is yet to come.' This Man, the World's Greatest Oil Geologist, has selected territory directly adjoining our location. If Cunningham Craig does not know Oil Lands, Who Does? . . . The stock may soon be withdrawn from the market. BETTER GRAB IT."

Cunningham Craig (whoever he was, modern Calgarians have never heard of him) was right; the best was yet to come, but it was a long time coming. The first Turner boom featured waste effort and waste oil. World War I killed it. Turner's entire output in its first seven years was less than one day's current Canadian oil production.

The Twenties came and with them Edward, Prince of Wales, darling of the west. He bought a ranch near Calgary and a hat at Tom Campbell's shop, now on Eighth, giving the shop one of Canada's few royal warrants. But the present owner, a World War II RAF officer named W. A. Mostyn-Brown, has registered his disapproval of Edward's abdication by not using the warrant.

In 1924 Turner broke out again with less boom but more oil. Eighth grew a little more. A schoolteacher named William Aberhart built the Prophetic Bible Institute, held Social Credit classes in the basement and set the stage for the world's first Social Credit government. His first student was a lean, flat-voiced youth named Ernest Manning, who learned his lessons well. Manning is now Alberta's premier and he, too, conducts Sunday services in the Institute on Eighth.

While Bible Bill Aberhart was denouncing the banks, promising twenty-five dollars for every citizen and assembling his first government, a persistent Calgary street-railway superintendent and part-time oilman, Robert Brown, was coaxing the third boom out of Turner Valley. It took him two years with many delays for refinancing but he struck oil in 1936. He did well enough to leave the

street railway. Today his son, Robert Jr., is president of Home Oil, largest single shareholder in Trans-Canada Pipelines.

Eleven years later Leduc came in, cinching Calgary's stranglehold on head offices. Leduc is near Edmonton; one might have expected oil companies to migrate there but they stayed and expanded in Calgary. Today it's said that oil-company office space in Calgary would stack up into a one-hundred-and-fifty-story skyscraper. Oil-company personnel and their families account for a tenth of Calgary's population. Ninety percent of the oil and gas in western Canada is produced by Calgary-based companies.

Oil and gas fever never abates on the Avenue. In early 1957 two and a half million shares of common stock in Alberta Gas Trunk Line, a five-hundred-and-fifty-mile link in the Trans-Canada delivery system, were offered to Albertans. Pipelines were a good investment and, says Jim Gray, editor and publisher of the Oil Examiner, "A lot of larceny grew in the hearts of a lot of Albertans."

Why not, they reasoned, buy Alberta Gas Trunk at \$5.25 and sell to eastern speculators at double the price? Eighth Avenue brokers and bankers were inundated with phone calls. It was almost like 1914.

"Anybody who didn't have at least one order in for this stock was out of town, or deaf, dumb and blind," says Gray.

The underwriters stemmed the tide by making all subscribers pay cash with their purchases or, at least, by a deadline. Companies were not encouraged to buy shares. No one got more than twenty shares on any one order, although some tried. One company office boy asked for (but was refused) a thousand shares for, he said, himself and a thousand for mother.

"Where would you get ten thousand dollars?" asked the banker.

"My company will advance it and I'll pay them out of my wages."

The stock, currently about twice its original value, made money for everyone. That guarantees that the next rush will be a big one, too.

So, to see the Avenue's blood pressure and permit it to age gracefully, Calgary's mayor Don Mackay has a dream. He wants the Avenue to become a Mall. Side streets would be blocked off and asphalt would be transformed into trees, shrubs, grass and flowers.

Nothing would be lost except traffic. Inside the banks and oil and brokerage offices big deals would simmer as always. Along the sidewalks Indians, cowboys and bearded Hutterites would amble with the countryman's measured tread. In the centre, children would play and old men would reflect on the glories of Alberta and this avenue — hub of it all. ★



## For the sake of argument continued from page 8

**"Any woman who claims her housework takes all day is either lazy, inefficient, or fibbing"**

agent unable to make up mind).

This a husband should pay for? I think he would object even to getting it free.

Of course, some housewives are efficient and capable and will even find time to write to the editor to say so. But other domestic engineers I know spray the roses with weed-killer, pay the mortgage with cheques that bounce, buy a load of groceries and forget to take them home, inadvertently dye the family wash kelly green, lock themselves regularly out of the house, absent-mindedly scorch the dinner so often that their children, when they're making mud pies, say, "Let's look in the oven and see how they're burning." What salary do these indispensable contributions deserve?

Now, if you still think we are underpaid, let me tell you about the housewife who discovered after she put her cake in the oven that she had forgotten to add egg and vanilla. She scraped it out of the pan, beat in the missing ingredients and put it back. Then she found she had forgotten to line the pan. Out with the batter, in with the lining and into the pan. Then she remembered she had also forgotten the baking powder.

How did the cake turn out? We'll never know. While she was outside telling the neighbors her troubles, it burned.

Besides complaining that our pay is too small, we housewives complain that our hours are too long. "Woman's work is never done," we sigh, implying that we labor non-stop eighteen hours a day until we drop in exhaustion with buttons still to be sewed on tomorrow. Is keeping house really an eighteen-hour job? And if we spend eighteen hours at it, do we have to?

Physiologists at the University of Edinburgh answered the first question. They found that a group of Glasgow housewives spent just under nine hours a day working on their feet. They spent seven sitting down and just over eight hours in bed.

With more labor-saving equipment, a Canadian woman's actual working day is probably even shorter. Six hours is a generous estimate of the time I spend cleaning, washing and cooking for my family. I have more time left to read than I ever had when I worked outside the home. One hundred and forty-six thousand Canadian wives find their housework takes so little time they need a full-time job to keep busy. One expert, Mrs. Theodore Webel, president of a women's church group with ten million members and a housewife herself, says any woman who claims homemaking takes all day is either lazy, inefficient or fibbing.

One might guess that if anyone really works eighteen hours, it's the farm woman with her old-fashioned kitchen and her many chores, yet one study showed that country women actually spend less time on housework than their city sisters. Perhaps they have fewer distractions; perhaps they have learned not to waste time.

If woman's work is never done, then, why isn't it? Because we're too lazy to do it. We're out having coffee, a daily one-hour fixture in many neighborhoods. We're playing bridge. We're traveling along the back fence telling neighbors on all three sides how busy we are. We're watching television. The soap men, who think they know more about us than

even our hairdresser, don't pay for all those daytime programs on the chance of catching a working girl home with a cold.

And why is it, if housewives work so unremittingly, that any woman who

telephones another between one and three p.m. immediately expresses the hope that she hasn't awakened her from a nap?

Perhaps, even if we don't work long or often during the day, we work far into the night. Not in the modern temple

of Togetherness we don't. Mother's working day now stops when Father walks in the door. He Shares the Experiences of the Day (helps with the dishes), Enjoys the Children (puts them to bed), Encourages His Wife's Individuality (puts



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up his daughters' pincurls while she goes out to committee meetings) and Builds a Close Father-Child Relationship (takes turns getting up with them at night).

It's different if there is a new baby. Or is it? Husbands can give bottles too; they are taught that new mothers need their sleep. Even if the baby is breast-fed, a husband to whom these things have been explained will get up, change the diapers and bring the baby to his wife in bed. He wouldn't want the milk to get chilled, would he?

The one tough thing about our work-

ing hours is this: that little children need noses wiped, and more, seven days a week, and nothing can be done about it. We tacitly accepted this when we took our job, and we ought to realize that our husbands work seven days too—five at tough, competitive jobs and the other two mowing lawns, washing windows, digging dandelions, repairing toys and other occupations which are called work when we do them and hobbies when they do.

Finally, let's examine our working conditions. We housewives like to make out that we work ourselves to the bone

(although a glance at most of us in shorts would raise a question) at back-breaking jobs with poorly designed equipment, no household help and children always underfoot. I doubt if this has been true since grandma threw out her washboard and wood stove.

The housework most of us do is no longer hard work. Bed-making, for example, uses 4.2 calories of energy per minute, as much as any chore and slightly more than a brisk walk. Dusting uses 3.5 calories and cooking 2.5, only a little more than twice what it takes just to

exist. This physiologists say, "does not represent hard physical labor."

If it did, I wonder, why would so many of us get fat?

Our homes have all the labor-saving devices our husbands can afford, or more. Our stoves turn themselves on, cook a perfect dinner, then turn themselves off without burning it, which is more than some of us can be depended on to do. We can get an entire meal just by unwrapping packages from the freezer. Our potatoes come frozen or powdered; packers squeeze half our oranges, hull forty percent of our strawberries and shell eighty percent of our lima beans. We beat a cake or pudding mix for dessert, and our coffee is either instant powdered or brewed automatically.

To clean up, lucky people can dump the garbage into automatic disposal units, standard equipment in some new homes, and the dishes into the dishwasher.

The drudgery of washday has been reduced to tossing the dirty clothes into a machine which delivers them washed, rinsed and dried. With the new fabrics, there is little or no ironing.

The modern approach to cleaning starts with air conditioning, which doesn't let dust into the house. Five out of seven homes in Ontario have vacuum cleaners; floor polishers are standard equipment in our neighborhood. We won't have to steer even those much longer, for somebody's husband has invented a mechanical charwoman for us, which scurries around the floor scrubbing, washing and polishing.

We no longer have paid helpers to push all these buttons, but we have our husbands, aptly described as "the new servant class." One survey found that eighty-seven percent of husbands between twenty-one and twenty-nine lend a hand with the housework. A Canadian poll showed that four out of five men work around the house at least twenty-two hours a week, and spend more than four hours of that time either in the kitchen or with the children.

The nuisance of children underfoot has been eliminated by the great electronic baby-sitter, television. From eight to nine-thirty in the morning and from four-thirty to six in the afternoon, the housewife has uninterrupted freedom to tidy her house or prepare her dinner. Where are the children? In the basement watching television. Clearly, Popeye and Mickey Mouse are deliberately scheduled for those hours as being the only ones when the housewife has something she has to do.

When it rains or snows housewives stay snug inside; only a brute would object that we should have shopped for his supper instead of opening a can of baked beans. Instead of steaming in a dress, girdle and stockings, or jacket, collar and tie, we spend hot days in a bathing suit, parked in front of a fan with a frosty drink and a new magazine. Nobody expects a housewife to work in such weather.

The best proof that housework is easy work is that some women do get it done quickly and efficiently, in a reasonable working day. Then they have time and energy left for fun. We all know housewives like my friend, whose house is the cleanest and whose three children are the best-behaved in the block. Yet she has time to do the entertaining her husband's job demands, read books, work in her church and take one day a week to keep up with the scientific profession she practiced before marriage. And she always looks calm and pretty too.

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**Johnny Longden tells  
his own story**

Continued from page 27

about them every morning, mapping their routine. I think Vance is a fine trainer. He's twenty-eight and a graduate veterinarian. A year ago Vance and his wife had a little girl, Rhody, which must make me the only grandfather jockey in racing. When I go to the barn I might ask Vance about a three-year-old named Disdainful for whom we've got high hopes, a big tough black colt which Vance says he wouldn't sell for a hundred thousand dollars.

"How's the big feller?" I'll ask Vance. "He's all right. Went a half in forty-seven yesterday."

"With his tongue hanging out?"

"No," Vance will grin, "he went pretty handy."

"What you gonna do tomorrow?"

"I was thinking I'd try him three-quarters."

Some jockeys don't like getting up early to work horses when they have to ride them in the afternoon. But I'm not one of them. I like working three or four a morning. You can find out a lot about a horse in the morning, whether he goes wide on the turns or tends to lug in toward the rail or likes the whip or doesn't like to go between horses when he's got the speed to pass them. What you find out in the morning you can often win with in the afternoon.

When I was in Toronto in June to ride a filly, Stole the Ring, in the Queen's Plate I went out to the Woodbine track first thing Saturday morning to see my mount. I was hoping I could gallop her and maybe find out something about her. But the trouble was that Stole the Ring had developed a cough a couple of weeks before the race and for awhile it looked like they'd have to scratch her. But she came around and although Willie Morrissey, who bred her, had to keep her out of the Plate Trials he decided to start her in the Plate.

She was painfully short on condition and it was decided that a gallop on the morning of the Plate could do her no good. Even if we could have gone for a ride I doubt that, in these conditions, I could have learned much that would have helped. The whole question with Stole the Ring wasn't her speed but her stamina. As the race was run, we led for nearly a mile and then I could feel her start to sag. She was a good game filly though, and hung on to be third. But, as I say, you can often find out about a horse in the mornings, and that's what I do before eight o'clock.

Around eight o'clock or eight-thirty Vance and I and Herbie Lindberg, an old friend of mine who rides the Ontario circuit in the summer and works for us each winter, and maybe a groom or two if there's nothing to do right then, walk to the track kitchen for breakfast. For me breakfast is a cup of black coffee. I always have to watch my weight. I go about a hundred and twelve pounds, and I'd go a hundred and twenty, twenty-two if I didn't keep count. The track kitchen, as it is at every race track, is a large dining hall or cafeteria with steaming tables of eggs and fried potatoes and

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"Jockeys get along together as well as any other group of businessmen. We pretty well have to"

bacon and sausages at one end, and tables and chairs spread in disarray across the rest of it. The jockeys and grooms and trainers and owners gather here to talk shop over their breakfasts and it's easy to tell the jocks from the rest. There's a cup of coffee in front of the jocks. The rest get to eat.

You meet men here you haven't seen for years and you see the same faces you've seen every day for months. There are rich men here, like Rex Ellsworth, the owner of Swaps, and men not so rich, like Guy Sutton, whose father owned horses years ago at Tia Juana just across the California border in Mexico and gave me a few mounts when I didn't have a quarter. Guy works for our stable now. There'll be fellows like Les Lear, the former Calgary football coach who has turned to training and comes down here to pick up some horses for the western Canada circuit, and seventy-two-year-old Sleepy Armstrong from Seattle, who traded a race horse for my riding contract in Calgary in 1928. I rode for him for four years and we talk about those days when we meet here in the kitchen.

"We didn't have much money then, Sleepy," I'll say.

"Money," snorts Sleepy, shaking his white head. "We didn't have a helluva lot of anything, John."

"We made out."

"We made out because I made us make out," Sleepy will jaw. "You were all the time sleepin' in that little pup tent. I remember at Whittier Park in Winnipeg around 1928 I used to have to root you out with a pitchfork. It'd be four-thirty, maybe a quarter of five in the mornin' and, hell, there you'd be still sleepin'."

### Cooped in the jocks' room

At ten-thirty I drive home from the track, maybe chuckling to myself as I reflect on something Sleepy said. And I often think that there's nothing else in the world that I want to be doing for the five hours after the sun comes up than just what I've been doing this morning.

After a rest, and a cup of tea with saccharine, and fifteen minutes in the steam bath I go back to the track to report in at the jocks' room by noon. Jockeys get along together as well as any other group of businessmen get along in the same office. We pretty well have to: we're cooped up in the jocks' room from noon until five-thirty every afternoon except for the moments when we come out to ride, so it would be senseless as well as uncomfortable for everybody if a jock were to carry a chip on his shoulder.

A good deal of horseplay goes on between games of pool and cards as we kill time between races. In all innocence I became involved in what turned out to be a practical joke on Billy Pearson last year at Bay Meadows, near San Francisco. But I didn't know it was a joke.

What happened was that Pearson, the art connoisseur-jockey who became widely known all over Canada and the United States for his success on the television programs, the \$64,000 Question and, later, the \$64,000 Challenge, was short of cash one afternoon. But he had a good mount in a stakes race and, since jockeys collect ten percent of stakes money, he figured his chances of picking up five thousand dollars later in the afternoon were pretty good.

But unknown to Pearson, or to me, some of the jocks had arranged with a policeman to come into the room and pretend to arrest Billy on a trumped-up charge.

"You'll have to come with me," the cop said gravely.

"I can't, I can't!" cried Billy, getting very excited. "I have to ride."

"Well, you'll have to come along and post twenty-five hundred dollars' bail," the officer said.

"Twenty-five hundred bucks," wailed Bill. "I haven't got twenty-five hundred cents."

It was at this point that I unwittingly spoiled the whole ploy.

"Billy," I said, "take this fellow over to the hotel and tell my wife Hazel to give you the twenty-five hundred."

Then, of course, the boys had to explain. I felt like climbing into a side pocket of the pool table.

Pearson is a remarkable fellow, a free soul. When he won the sixty-four thousand on the quiz show, he and his friend Burl Ives, the Broadway actor and folk singer, went to the bank to cash the cheque. The bank naturally expected he'd open an account.

"I don't want an account," said Bill. "I want the dough — in cash."

He was carrying a large hatbox and he handed it to the banker and told him to put the money in it.

The bank people tried to dissuade him from carrying that much cash. Billy was steaming.

"I don't think you've got that much cash," he shouted. "That's why you're stalling."

The banker stiffly produced the cash, and Bill and Burl Ives started up the street carrying the hatbox.

Scores of people recognized him. From time to time somebody would ask him if he had his money.

"Certainly I've got my money," Billy would say. And he'd open the lid of his hatbox and show people his sixty-four thousand dollars.

He blew the whole works, and then he went on the Challenge program to try to win enough to pay the taxes he owed on the original sixty-four thousand. He won another thirty-two thousand, or some fantastic figure. The last I heard of him he'd gone into partnership with John Huston, the movie director, in an art shop and was in Paris buying up art pieces. Racing isn't the same without him in the jocks' room. I hope he soon comes back.

I remember thinking about Billy the afternoon I won my 5,000th race. It was a gloomy February 28 last year and when we came up to the fourth race I was riding a four-year-old filly named Bente. We won a photo finish and a newspaperman asked me if, now that I had five thousand victories, I was going to go for six thousand.

"Well," I said, having no notion to retire, "Bill Pearson went for sixty-four. I guess I might as well try for six."

People have been asking me for nearly a decade when I'm going to retire. Racing is so much part of my life that I don't like to think about leaving it. But I will the moment I feel deep within myself that I'm not producing. I have all the security I need, I know, and I'm no longer a young man, but riding a thoroughbred in a horse race gives me greater satisfaction than anything I can think of doing. The same thing must ap-

ply in its own way to that great hockey player, Rocket Richard. I wish people would go and ask him when he's going to retire. His injuries have been severe too, haven't they?

I think about these things when I'm sitting in the jocks' room between races and I say to myself, "Why would you want to leave all this?" I think of some of the odd things that have happened, like the time I was coming out of the gate on a horse with the strange name of Amblingorix. It was in July of 1955 at the Hollywood Park race track. I lost my stirrup coming out. I was going down for sure. Then George Taniguchi, the jock on the horse next to me, reached across and grabbed me and gave me a tremendous heave. He set me back up so hard that I started to go over the other side. When I did that, Rogelio Trejos, riding on that side of me, grabbed me again as I was falling and he set me back on and I got my balance. The crazy and ironic part of this by-play is that both Taniguchi and Trejos lost whatever chance they had of winning the race by going off-stride to help me, and I came out of the pack to win it!

Another time I was coming out of the gate and dropped my whip. My old friend Jackie Westrope was alongside me. His horse wasn't running anywhere. I could see that, so I shouted to him.

"Let me have your whip, Jack," I called. "This horse won't run without one."

He passed his stick over to me and I went on to win, using that whip all down the stretch. It was against the rules and only a remarkable fellow like Westrope would have done it. He could have been suspended. But those were days before films were taken of every race so nobody knew the difference.

One of the most unusual things that ever confronted me on a race track was a steer. I was riding in Calgary many years ago, just starting out. The Calgary Stampede was in progress in the infield of the track. A big longhorn steer got loose from its enclosure and charged onto the race track. I was turning into the stretch when suddenly I saw it hurtling up the track toward me. I took out, meaning I headed wide toward the outside rail, and when I did the other boys coming around the bend behind me thought my horse was lugging out in spite of me, not because of me, so they ducked in to go by. You never heard such cries or witnessed such confusion as ensued when the jockeys saw the steer. Luckily, nobody crashed it, and I won the race by blocks galloping down the outside rail.

Jockeys do a lot of hollering during a race. If something goes wrong they usually let the other jocks know so they won't be taken unawares. Or if they're going to try something different with a horse they'll tell the other jocks beforehand. I remember once, years ago, Eddie Arcaro was up on a horse called Occupation which had a lot of early speed. Eddie wanted to hold this horse back at the start so he could see what it would do when it had to come from behind.

In the starting gate he said to a rider named Nordice, "Hey, jock, I'm gonna bring this horse back. Gimme a couple of jumps."

He meant for Nordice to stay clear of him so that his tight hold on the fast-breaking Occupation would be effective, holding him behind the field at the start.

We got away from the gate fine and Arcaro started to bring his horse back. Then Nordice came banging across the track from the outside, belting Occupation and almost knocking Eddie off the horse.

I saw the wild look in Eddie's eyes.

I turned to Johnny Gilbert, who was riding beside me, and I yelled, "Let's get out of here; there's gonna be trouble."

Eddie took off to overtake Nordice and he made four or five lunges at his horse with Occupation but he couldn't get a clear shot at him. When the race was over the stewards called Arcaro in and they asked him what he was trying to do out there.

"If I'd caught him I'd have killed the dirty —," snarled Eddie, still furious.

What happened to him? The stewards just set him down for one year is all.

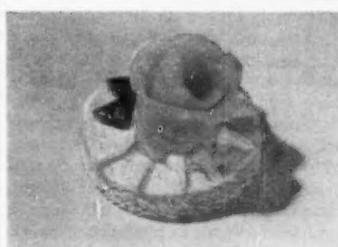
Arcaro has mellowed over the years. He kids me a good deal about my age, which this year I'm insisting is forty-eight. Three years ago when Eddie was celebrating his birthday, a newspaperman asked him in the jocks' room how old he was.

"Thirty-nine," grinned Eddie. "And that's an honest thirty-nine, not a Longden thirty-nine."

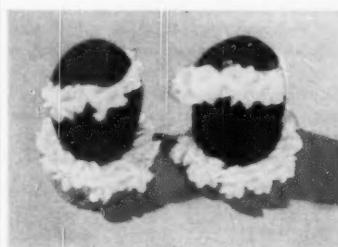
There's one thing that makes a jockey more indignant than anything else. That's to be shut off by another rider; besides pride and money, danger is involved. I

was riding a bad-legged horse at Del Mar once and I knew I wasn't going to win that race. As Johnny Bailey went by me I shouted at him to give me a chance to finish the race. He started to shut me off, though, and I had to pull up and I nearly went down. So when he came back to the jocks' room I was waiting for him. We fought and we were both fined a hundred dollars.

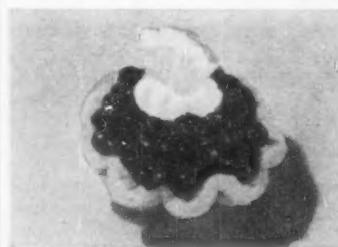
On another occasion, right after the Bing Crosby Handicap at the same Del Mar track, I got into a fight with Ralph Neves. My horse, Make-Up Man, was



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**Cheese Olives.** Remove pits from large black olives by cutting away the flesh in a spiral. Fill olives with softened cream cheese pressed through a small fluted pastry tube and place each olive on a small bread round spread with cream cheese.



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almost knocked down in the stretch as Neves came over on me. When we unsaddled and walked toward the scales we began arguing about it, and then we threw a few punches. I thought the stewards, in fining each of us two hundred, worded their explanation of the affair with becoming delicacy. We were fined "for use of improper language and engaging in an altercation while returning to the jockeys' room."

Most fights between jockeys are impulsive, spur-of-the-moment things, much like fights on the ice in hockey. Grudges seldom last. Neves and Bailey and I are good friends. Jockeys are bound together by a sense of, well, comradeship that's more important than the infrequent clashes of personality or the fleeting moments of indignation. A jockey's life is so strange and separate that only the few men who live it can appreciate what we do, and this creates a warmth and understanding that I'll hate to turn my back on. The jocks' room has been a second home to me for thirty-one years. As long as I can do justice to a horse and to the thousands of people who wager their money on it, I'll never leave it.

Because I'm a jockey I've been places and seen things I'd never have known about. I've ridden and won races in eight countries — England, Ireland, Scotland, Mexico, Cuba, Australia, Canada and the United States. The trips have provided many high moments. I think maybe the highest moment of all came in September of 1955 when Taber celebrated its fiftieth anniversary and invited me back to the place where I grew up, to be the guest of honor.

School children were given a half-holiday and the stores and business offices closed their doors. I headed a horseback parade riding a Palomino and wearing my racing silks, down the main street I remembered so well, with its low flat-roofed buildings. The curbs were lined with smiling cheering children who couldn't have known me from a bucket of oats and happy waving adults who might have. I saw old friends like Ted Sundall and Wit Harris and Tom Francis and Dr. Alfred Hammon, and when I was asked to say something at the familiar old fair grounds where I'd ridden horses bareback, I looked at the smiling friendly face of Dr. Hammon, a man in his eighties.

"I'll never be able to repay Dr. Hammon for what he did for my family many years ago," I said. "We were too poor to pay our doctor's bills but when we were in trouble he came right away."

I said a few more things but my thoughts were far away. I was thinking of the times forty years ago when I was a kid on horseback herding cows and, a little later, digging coal fifteen hundred feet under this very ground for \$1.25 a day. And I remembered something my mother had told her six kids once when I was just a boy.

"You've got to have determination to get anywhere," she told us. "You've got to work hard and keep your eyes open and your mouth closed. And you've got to be able to learn something every day. Never be self-satisfied."

I don't think I ever have been—except maybe that September day three years ago in Taber. But only for a moment, and I think she'd have understood. ★



### The hectic story of Canada's subway

Continued from page 18

### "It's a hit with refugees from streetcars, small boys, and visitors from every section of Canada"

The first subway, ever since its opening, has been a hit with refugees from slow crowded streetcars, experts from all over the world, small boys, and visitors from every part of Canada, some of whom display a pride in one city's possession that, in a way, belongs to the whole country.

The day the subway opened the Montreal Star had this to say: "Montreal congratulates Toronto honestly and with all its heart. Toronto will not wonder that into our congratulations creeps a little envy. Toronto, we are sure, did not have as many lovely plans for its subway as we have."

When former Mayor Drapeau of Montreal rode the red cars of the underground he remarked wistfully that the four-mile tunnel under the mountain, that carries a CNR line from the town of Mount Royal to the Central Station, was perhaps Canada's first subway. But his heart was not in this disclaimer and he soon joined in the chorus of praise for Toronto's tube.

Elmore Philpott, writing in the Vancouver Sun, was less gracious. After looking over the new line from Union Station to Eglinton Avenue he found it lacking in public toilets. He wrote: "In London, Paris, New York and presumably even in Moscow you can ride on the underground just as in Toronto. But

only in Toronto do the authorities deny the facts of life. In this respect Toronto clings like a burdock cluster to the type of mind that has come right down from the days of Muddy York."

Toronto newspapers sprang to the defense of the TTC and explained that the commission had limited such facilities to one, at the northern terminal, because they were gathering places for thieves and perverts. Besides, it was explained, the line is less than five miles long and takes only seventeen minutes to travel.

The Yonge Street line, first suggested by Controller Horatio C. Hocken in 1911 and turned down a year later because it would cost a preposterous five million dollars, took four and a half years and fifty-five millions to build. The 1949 estimate of twenty-six millions was more than doubled because of what the Korean War did to building costs.

Fed by a network of buslines, which link it with the suburbs, it now carries about a quarter million passengers on an average day, including those espaliered against the doors at the ends of the cars at rush hours. Last year more than seventy-five million passengers rode the line.

Among these were youngsters whose idea of a day on the town is to ride the line until they become as much a part of the train as the two-man crew and

until their mothers' bulletins to come home are relayed to them on the public-address system.

Others were convention delegates, identified by the name tags on their lapsels, who took a half-hour holiday from passing resolutions just so they could tell the people back home they had ridden on the thing.

Because the subway is the newest in the world, transportation experts from all over the globe have come to see how the Toronto Transit Commission engineers have refined and applied the lessons they learned from the older systems. From Melbourne to Zurich, from Rome to Bombay and from almost every large city in the United States have come queries, usually brought by deputations of technical men, about the subway. Koji Tanaka recently took the guided tour to get some tips for the line he will help build in Osaka, Japan. The men who run London's tubes were generous with advice; several of them have come to see how it turned out.

Rapid-transit experts in New York were helpful when the plans were being drawn up but could not help being a little patronizing when they compared its length with their 242 miles of subway. However, they've been around lately to see how it's working because they must soon decide whether or not they are going to extend their own system. The TTC is still looking for new ideas, particularly now that it faces the big job of building the ten-mile east-west Bloor line, which will pass below the existing Yonge Street subway at about the halfway point. Bloor Street is about two miles north of the Union Station. The commission has, among other things, been in touch with the Milan rapid-transit men, who started

their own Metropolitan, as they call their subway, last year.

When the Yonge line was being planned the TTC asked Moscow for advice but the Russians declined to offer any. While they have never sent an official party to inspect the TTC's handiwork, a group of Soviet scientists on their way through Toronto to a meeting in the U.S. last summer took a firm grip on the cameras slung around their necks and boarded a train at the Union Station to take a ride—probably so they too could tell people back home, when they were asked, that they had indeed been on it.

The great majority of riders are, of course, regular users of public transportation who have been rescued from congested bus and streetcar lines or have escaped from the soul-searing routine of driving their own cars to work through traffic jams. About a hundred thousand of them crowd the line on the downtown run every weekday morning and back at the end of the working day. The TTC has had complaints about the service but most riders seem satisfied with it. Older people complain because every station hasn't got an escalator. (The plans for the new route call for more of them.) Some passengers say the steps to the street aren't wide enough. (The width of the sidewalk determines how wide entrances can be made, say TTC engineers.) Nearly everyone found fault with the two-operation transfer dispensers which are awkward to work. The TTC has designed a new automatic one.

Last Christmas and at Easter, music was piped into the stations through the public-address system. When this was done in Grand Central Station a group led by the late Harold Ross, editor of the New Yorker, protested vigorously

against what they regarded as an unlawful invasion of privacy. The TTC's submissive clients accepted the music without a whimper loud enough to be heard by the commission.

Most of the passengers' complaints are about other passengers, who seem to fall into fairly well defined types of undesirables. Here are some of them:

**The Sprawler.** This rider manages to monopolize two- and even three-place seats by the clever disposition of his brief case, his coat and himself. Likely to look aggrieved if asked to move the hell over.

**Horatio Junior.** This one is often found in coves or phalanxes right in front of the door. Acts as though he has taken an oath on a souvenir TTC transfer that none shall pass that wall of more or less living flesh.

**The Fancy Dancer.** He scorns the grab irons, modern versions of the strap, and balances delicately on the balls of his feet, shifting like a gyro in sympathy with every swerve of the train. So great is his insouciance that he can read a paper at the same time, right up to the moment when the car goes around a curve and he is thrown heavily into the passenger next to him.

**The Third Man.** This role is sometimes taken by The Fat Lady. They show up when two normal-sized, or even better, two large riders, have taken up their positions at either end of a three-seat bench. If they succeed they will drive the two original squatters out. Otherwise they sit poised on the inadequate space in the middle alternately tossing nasty glances right and left because they can't sit back.

**The Sherpa.** This one attempts to race up an escalator. Harries passengers who are content to let the lift do the work

and thereby block his progress. Frequently finds himself pondering the question, "Who do you think you're pushing?"

And then there is the passenger who regards every train as the last. He frequently hurls himself at the closing doors and sometimes gets nipped by them. All he has to do is pull his arm free because there are soft rubber flanges on the doors to help people like this. However, he seems to like it better when a solicitous passenger, inside the car, pulls the emergency cord and stops the train.

One elderly woman recently brought trains to a halt when she discovered a remote and almost inaccessible power trip operated by a lever and pulled it. She explained that she thought it was a transfer dispenser. One night a thief escaped by riding a bicycle for several stations, after the trains had stopped running. He took with him the loot from one of the station newsstands. Not so lucky was another miscreant who ran into a subway station to escape the police. When they began to pound the stairs after him he ran into a tunnel at about the time a train was approaching from the other direction. He was killed instantly.

One woman threw herself under a train and four cars passed over her. The only injury was to her clothes which were stained by grease. She later drowned herself. This spring a man was trapped on the track and after trying unsuccessfully, with the help of other passengers, to get back on the platform took refuge under a ledge. When a train approached he seemed to panic and threw himself in front of it. He was decapitated.

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dent on the trains themselves although there have been interruptions in service, once when a car jumped the track and again when a tornado knocked out the power for an hour. The men who run the trains like them, although the more gregarious ones miss the contact they had with the public when they were driving buses or streetcars. The operators and guards on subway trains work in cubicles locked from the inside.

The building of the Bloor Street subway will clearly doom the streetcar in Toronto and confirm Metropolitan Toronto's reliance on rapid transit, fed by buslines and augmented by expressways. No streetcars will be manufactured by 1980, transportation experts say.

The new subway seems certain to be built, even if the federal and provincial governments don't help to pay the two hundred million dollars it will cost. There are members of the Metro council who feel sure Metro can swing it alone with the help of the revenue from a two-mill surtax approved this spring. If the financing can be arranged early this summer actual work could start by winter. The TTC says it would give almost immediate employment to at least 2,500 men.

Plans provide not only for the cross-town tube, but a downtown loop which will consist of an extension of the Yonge route, past the Union Station and up University Avenue to where it meets Bloor.

The construction and design of the new line, with its twenty-five stations, will be much the same as the Yonge subway. The same kind of scratch-resistant, easy-to-clean tile will be used on the walls.

The same cut-and-cover technique, which made a ditch of Yonge Street for months, will be used for the new line but because it lies to the north of the street itself the same loss of business to merchants and inconvenience to everyone should not result. Streetcars will disappear from Bay as well as from Bloor Street.

For months the TTC has had a sign on Bloor Street apologizing for its poor streetcar service and promising an improvement when the rapid transit is built. There have been many times during the strenuous and often bitter subway debate, which has been called the biggest and longest row in Toronto's stormy political history, that the assumption explicit in the sign was far from warranted. While there has always been a strong thread of support running through the Metro Council's tangled skein of political manoeuvres, opposition to the subway idea itself has always been present.

Up to the final stages Reeve Marie Curtis, a housewife politician from suburban lakeshore Long Branch, was still voting against any suggestion of a subway. Mrs. Curtis, who sometimes uses her kitchen the way Bernard Baruch uses a park bench and gets in a few licks of politicking while she gets caught up with her housework on weekends, frequently wondered out loud what there was in all this for her constituents. She thinks there should be a single fare all over the Metro area.

Agitation for the construction of an east-west line increased in 1954 when Allan Lamport, a former mayor of Toronto, was appointed to the transit commission as vice-chairman. He became chairman in 1955.

Lamport warned that something had to be done to provide better crosstown movement if the transit commission was to be responsible for moving people around the city. The TTC spoke of a

"black year" not too far in the future when the city's traffic might well, so far as it knew, end up in immobile chaos.

A hint of what might happen, even with the help of rapid transit, was given on the Thursday before Christmas of last year. All during that day the Yonge Street subway ran at capacity, something that hadn't been expected to happen for years.

By early 1957 a proposal to build an expressway along Bloor was thrown out as being impractical and the scene was set for the Great Subway Debate. The principal actors were already on stage, and talking; others were in the wings waiting for their cues. Here are the principal players:

Frederick Gardiner, sometimes called the supermayor of Metropolitan Toronto, who acts as chairman, father image, mentor, sergeant-major and advisor to the twenty-four men and women from twelve suburban municipalities plus Toronto City who make up the Metropolitan Council. Gardiner, whose features are so craggy that he makes men like Admiral Bull Halsey look effete, is loved, disliked, feared and respected by his flock. Elected by the council (under the provision of the provincial statute that created Metro) rather than by the electorate, Gardiner has no vote except in case of a deadlock. This leaves him free to instruct, direct and sometimes bully his colleagues.

A lawyer, he is particularly skillful in unraveling a snarled-up debate and laying it out verbally with all the elements tagged for easy recognition. His tongue is quick and sometimes sharp. He is equally quick to apologize when he thinks he has gone too far.

Nathan Phillips, the white-haired mayor of Toronto who has been in city council for more than thirty years. Phillips and Gardiner, when placed at the same head table, have a Buck and Bubbles routine in which they exchange somewhat arch jests about the phenomenon of Toronto having two mayors. Phillips' punchline is that he is "the mayor of all the people."

Allan Lamport, TTC chairman, was the first Liberal mayor since William Lyon Mackenzie. Lamport is a round jolly man who looks as though he might have escaped from a Toby jug. His three years as mayor of Toronto were distinguished by his successful advocacy of Sunday sport and Metro. His feuding with Gardiner over the subway route has provided the yeast that almost leavened the long delays. Because Gardiner appeared to be the aggressor in most of their skirmishes Lamport professes to be puzzled by the reports of a vendetta. "Why should I be sore at Gardiner?" he says. "After all, I helped him to get his job with Metro." Gardiner says: "Why should I be sore at Lampy? After all, I helped him get his job with the TTC. It just happens there are times when I think he is wrong and I tell him so."

The setting against which the biggest scenes of the Great Debate were played was the council room of the new Metro building in downtown Toronto. The chamber itself is a high room, softly but effectively lighted, finished in green with blond wood. The members' desks are arranged in a big horseshoe.

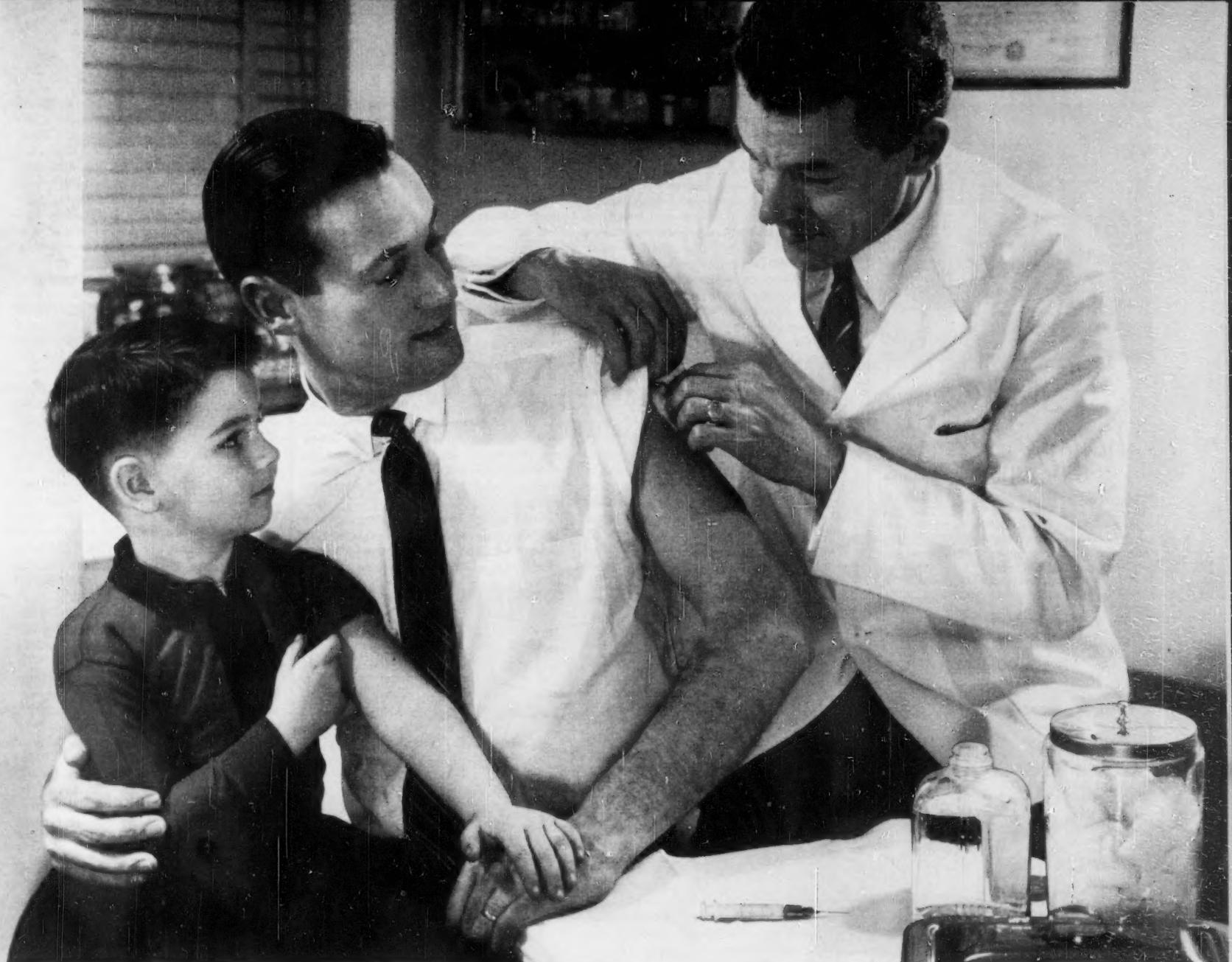
Despite this flossy evidence of the modern interior-decorator's art there is a stubborn informality in the atmosphere. Members visit back and forth with each other or with the reporters as they seek support for a project while debate is in progress. When the proceedings become unbearably turgid a councilor is likely to unfold a newspaper the way the big-league legislators sometimes do and catch up on what western oils and Pogo have been doing. Even when the Great Debate was at its height not all the seats set aside for the public were taken. So, it was only natural that when the waitresses from a nearby restaurant came around with tea and coffee, halfway through each session, the group of taxpayers in the corner should each be given a cup, too.

One of the high points in the controversy was reached early in the year under the glare of arc lights being used by a camera crew making a movie for television in the Metro Council chamber.

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ber that polio is by no means limited to children. It often strikes adults, frequently in severe form. As for influenza, recent epidemics have underscored the need for immunization. Remember, too, that a childhood smallpox vaccination cannot be relied upon to give permanent protection.

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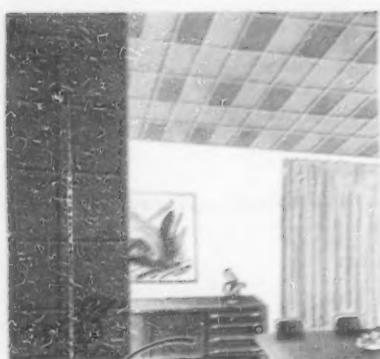
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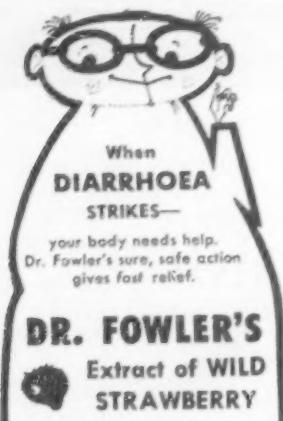
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The purpose of the two-day meeting was to choose between the TTC's T route and the U route sponsored by Murray Jones, the red-haired director of Metro's planning board. Jones, a New Brunswicker, is one of the few homegrown planners in Canada. He brought with him evidence gathered from statistics winnowed by electronic computers. Jones maintained throughout the hearings that it made much better sense to listen to the whirring of an electronic machine than some old lady waiting for a streetcar, when seeking advice as to where to build a two-hundred-million-dollar subway. He had the distinction of introducing the haunting phrase "desire line" into the discussion of the route the subway might, or should, take. A desire line, it developed, is the way people are likely to go to get there.

The TTC's general manager, W. E. P. Duncan, and the other gray-haired members of the TTC staff, seemed to look at Jones and his young helpers much the same way veteran bush pilots might look at jet jockeys who had just won their wings. The TTC men had a hard time to keep from looking smug when they reminded their listeners that they knew nothing about electronic gadgets; all they knew was how to move people from one place to another.

Jones' U route followed roughly the same line as the T route at its extremities but at Christie in the west and Pape in the east the line dipped down to Queen Street, deep in downtown Toronto, forming the U from which the proposal got its name.

Abortive suggestions had been made for other alphabetical alternatives including a W route and an O route, which was to follow a great circle course. Mrs. Mary Young, a housewife married to a technical schoolteacher, was at the meeting still hoping to get across her own V route, which would send two underground arms reaching out from the centre of the city to the suburbs in the northeast and the northwest. Mrs. Young, who had become known as The Subway Lady, realized there wasn't much chance for her scheme but she was there just in case.

The train of events that had brought these disputants together got rolling early in 1957 when Lamport, with the help of the TTC staff and consultant Norman Wilson, had produced their so-called T plan. At that time Lamport gleefully talked about the shovels taking their first bite by October.

But Gardiner wanted to have another look before buying.

"I'm not going to build any monuments to stupidity," he said, and then asked the Metro planning board to examine the plan. Murray Jones, the director, got his own expert, Walter Blucher of Chicago, and went to work. When the electronic computers stopped whirring, the U route, full of new curves and new controversy, took shape on the planners' drafting boards. By the middle of July it was ready to be unveiled and the battle between Gardiner and Lamport was on.

Supermayor Gardiner said the T line had been "planned in error" and said Expert Blucher agreed with him. TTC Chairman Lamport said this about-face of an old friend of the T plan came as "a considerable shock." Mayor Phillips interjected the remark that he was "fed up with Gardiner's delaying tactics" but it was unlikely he was heard clearly for everyone was watching and listening to the principals.

When Lamport complained about the "cruel delay" Gardiner, who showed a greater inclination to go for the body with his punches, replied, "Lamport with a tin flute can make more fuss and row

than Sousa could with his whole band."

In late October an attempt was made to break the deadlock by letting the electors decide, but this suggestion was thrown out of Metro Council by a vote of eleven to nine. Finally, it was decided to bring everyone together with their reports, charts, prejudices and proposals and let them plead their cases before the council. The TTC men approached the matter with an air of mild distaste bordering on wistfulness. When the Yonge Street subway was built they didn't have to ask anyone for the money; they had it in reserve. Now they had to come, maps in hand, to plead before the Metro Council for what they felt was clearly right.

At one time, as he studied the conflicting suggestions, Gardiner toyed with the idea of suggesting that Metro ask a board of three to adjudicate the dilemma. "But then I decided that this was our own problem and it was our responsibility to solve it ourselves," he said recently.

Now, as the two-day meeting opened, the principals were, at last, face-to-face except for the seating arrangements, which had placed them at an oblique angle to each other like counsel at a trial. Lampy wore a tie in the double blue of the Argonaut Rowing Club and in his lapel a cornflower. Both were flanked by their advisors, whom they consulted frequently as the sessions moved slowly through each day into the night. Gardiner presided with an impartiality and firmness that was granite.

### "Stop getting into the act"

The TTC told its story first, using as spokesmen Wilson the planning man, Duncan the practical man and finally Lamport the front man. Apart from suggesting that the machine-made U plan was the result of "fuzzy" thinking they were almost kind to Jones and his young staff, who had to admit they had never so much as taken the tiller of a streetcar.

Only once, to the great disappointment of the gallery which drifted off on the second day when Jones was on the stand, did the duelists cross swords. When Gardiner asked a question of Wilson, Lamport undertook to supply the answer. "He's capable of answering the question," said the supermayor. Lamport rose, his accustomed cheeriness swept away by anger. "I didn't come here to be insulted," he said. Gardiner waved him back to his seat with his big hand. "Just stop getting into the act," he said almost gently, "or we'll never get anywhere."

Late in the second night, after Jones had finished his presentation which was accompanied by even bigger and gaudier charts than the TTC's, the councilors attempted to solve their own indecision about the routes by asking the planners of both factions to meet privately and see if they couldn't agree. This was a little like nominating a man called Sherman for mayor of Atlanta but they began a series of meetings which soon reached the expected impasse.

It was Gardiner, the strong man, who broke the deadlock by going to a meeting of the Metro planning board prepared to get behind the Bloor line of the TTC. He had looked at it from all angles; he had encouraged the sponsor of each proposal to explain and defend his scheme; he himself had spent his Christmas holiday studying the seven reports, weighing fifteen pounds in all, thoroughly. Now his mind was made up and he was prepared to fight and fight hard for the Bloor or T route. With his support the planning board approved the TTC plan.

When the council met, late in February, every member was given a 4,500-word brief in which Gardiner had spelled out, with accustomed force and clarity, the arguments for taking immediate action on the subway. The first move was, he said, to ask the province for the right to borrow the hundred and twenty millions which would be Metro's share. The TTC would pay the rest of the two-hundred-million-dollar tab.

Without this permissive legislation the whole project would be delayed for at least another year, Gardiner explained. At the same time he attempted to quiet the nervous councilors by assuring them this was not a vote to decide on the subway itself.

But they were not reassured. Ford Brand, a Toronto controller with a labor-union background but a manner, when faced with civic expenditure, that suggests a branch-bank manager listening to an old horseplayer's application for a loan, implored his colleagues to have another long hard look at the price tag. This, he said, would be the biggest item any council would ever buy. Amendments and sub-amendments piled up in confusion until the legislative machinery of the council faltered and threatened to stall.

When one councilor appealed to Gardiner to "bail them out" the supermayor regarded the ruins of his strategy impassively for a moment and then grunted, "Let 'em talk."

And talk they did. Reeve Vernon Singer of North York walked out, returning from time to time to report on how disgusted he was. "And they say vaudeville is dead," jeered Alderman Donald Summerville of Toronto.

Late that night they did agree to ask for the right to ask for the money to build a subway. It was clearly understood, of course, that this did not suggest in any way that they were in favor of a subway.

But they were in favor of the subway even though it took some of them a while to find out. At a later meeting Ford Brand, who will probably run for mayor this fall, got behind the subway when he seemed to realize that continued opposition to it might hurt his chances. Gardiner made it easy for him to shift his position by backing his suggestion that the cost be split fifty-fifty between Metro and the TTC. This figure was later changed to fifty-five percent for Metro at a meeting with the commission.

Lamport added what was intended to be a calming note when he expressed the opinion that the fare level could be held at twelve and a half cents, still the cheapest subway ride on the continent, for at least five years. The fare has gone up twice, from eight and a third cents to ten cents to twelve and a half cents since the subway began operating. The TTC showed a profit of \$1.5 million last year.

Nathan Phillips put aside his opposition to the two-mill surtax, despite his well-known reluctance to take any legislative action that might make the voters annoyed with him. Even though some of them still thought the subway would mean more to Toronto than it would to their constituents, the suburban reeves one by one lent their support, heartened by the belief that when their own pet project came along Fred Gardiner would fight just as hard for it as he had for this one. Mrs. Curtis still voted against it.

And behind their fourteen hours of talk—the sound of democracy, municipal style, in action—could be heard, by some of the listeners, the distant imagined rumble, like an echo from the future, of the first train on the Bloor Street subway line. ★



## London Letter

Continued from page 10

common sense of adventure. But obviously the first thing was to get in touch with the Formosan representative in London and find out exactly how and when it could be done. All sorts of engagements in London would have to be cancelled—including a dinner to the Air Force Association of my constituency which was to take place at the House of Commons on a Saturday night just a fortnight ahead. However, I could get another MP to act as host to the ex-airmen, while my wife could do her stuff as the hostess.

So in due course the London representative of the Formosan government, an Englishman by the way, came to consult us about the arrangements. "When were you last vaccinated?" he asked. That was a poser. In fact neither of us had been vaccinated for years. "Ah well! You can get that done," said the agent. "Now what about typhus?"

"Well, what about it?" said Sir Lynn. "Do you think that Baxter and I go about getting plugged against Oriental plagues?"

The agent smiled sweetly. "Then, of course, there is yellow fever," he said. "Have you been inoculated for yellow fever recently?"

We shook our heads, and assured him that it was probably very wrong of us but we had not been inoculated against yellow, pink or black fever—or even hay fever. In fact we were just a pair of boobs who ought to be put in the care of a governess.

The agent shook his head sadly. Then he brightened up. "You're all right for smallpox, of course? Oh no you said you weren't. Well that's no trouble. They'll do that for you at any hospital."

Then with a charming smile he said that everything would be in order and we would leave London Airport in a fortnight's time and he would cable Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek to that effect.

Two days later Sir Lynn and I set off for a hospital which specializes in serums. A jolly doctor with a pretty nurse duly plugged us and then made a date for a repeat performance in five days' time. "The next injection will be more severe," he said and then added with a beatific smile, "The germs have to get to know each other."

Back home I discovered that my vaccination certificate was out of date, so down came my local doctor who duly plugged me in the arm and then added lugubriously: "I'll come on Friday and give you a stiff one. Don't take any alcohol for a couple of days," he added.

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"And even then go easy on the stuff."

A couple of days later my socialist colleague called me on the telephone. "What's the use of going all that distance," he asked, "unless we visit China proper. I've phoned the Chinese Embassy and we're to be there at five o'clock."

So at the appointed hour we called at the Chinese Embassy in Portland Place, just opposite the BBC, and were received most courteously by the Chinese chargé d'affaires whose English, like his manners, was singularly attractive. The chargé said it was excellent that two members of the British parliament were going to the Orient. Already he had been in touch with Peking about it and the Chinese government would not only make us welcome but would allow us to see anything and everything we desired. China had nothing to hide from us and had everything to reveal.

Then the eyes of the Oriental gentleman narrowed although his smile widened. "You, of course, are not contemplating a visit to Formosa?" he asked. We answered that on the contrary our primary purpose was to go to that exact place.

"I am so sorry," he said.

"What about?" we asked.

"We do not recognize Formosa," he said. "I am very very sorry." And believe me, there was a note in his voice that made it clear that his grief and disappointment were genuine and profound. So out we went.

"We're not going to be dictated to," said my socialist colleague firmly if ungrammatically. "It's ridiculous of Peking to behave in such a fashion." Then with the very perfection of the legal mind he declared emphatically that if China would not have us we would cut out



### Who is it?

Fishy stories became his forte in radio, newspapers and magazines. On page 53 you'll discover who this thumbsucker grew up to be.

China. In fact there has been nothing to equal his firmness since Coriolanus banished ancient Rome after the Romans refused to let him rule over them any longer.

Our next port of call was the House of Lords where Lord Home (pronounced "Hume") wanted to have a chat with us in his ministerial capacity of secretary of state for commonwealth relations. He thought that it was an excellent idea for us to go east and see for ourselves and he would arrange for us to stay with the governor at Hong Kong. But would it not be a good idea to drop off at Karachi and Calcutta and Singapore and get a general idea of what was going on? We agreed that while we were at it we ought to see everything that was to be seen.

"What about the president of the board of trade?" he asked. "He ought to give you a clear understanding of what's going on and some of our trading problems." We agreed that on no account should we miss any of the problems that beset our Commonwealth relations. "I'll get him on the phone," said the minister.

An hour later we were given the works, the whole works, by the president. It was true that Lancashire fiercely resented the competition of cotton imports from Hong Kong because the wages in that far-off paradise were lower than in Lancashire. Nevertheless the general trade balance between Britain and Hong Kong was favorable to the Mother Country. With that comforting thought we thanked the president and had a much-needed drink.

"Darling," said my wife next morning. "I suppose you know that you have nothing to wear, and that you have only a week before you go?"

Long happy years of marriage have taught me that no woman, especially the woman I married, has ever had any costume to meet an unexpected situation. But the dull uniformity of the male is the very opposite. From tails, to dinner jacket, to morning coat, and just an ordinary suit of clothes, the male is always ready, aye ready. But that is not what my wife thinks.

"You are going to the tropics," she said. "Therefore I have arranged for you to be at Simpson's at 3 o'clock this afternoon." So in due course we went to the admirable "for men only" institution in the West End and an hour later emerged with clothes that would support me for the rest of my life in Africa, Asia, or even Toronto in August.

Two days to go and we would be off.

Then to the Far East via Cairo and India with the beauty of Hong Kong and eventually Madame Chiang Kai-shek playing the piano on that charm-blessed island of Formosa with its challenge to China and its dollar inheritance from America.

Friday . . . our last day in London. Tomorrow and we would wing our way into the skies. If only the old woman at Hanlan's Point could see me now! And what a relief to be leaving London at a moment when the buses had gone on strike.

"You're wanted on the telephone. It's Sir Lynn Ugoed-Thomas," said my secretary.

"I'm frightfully sorry," said Ugoed-Thomas, "but I can't go. Gaitskell wants me to stay on the job because of the bus strike and a possible railway strike. Sorry, old boy."

The giant pear tree in the garden of our St. John's Wood home shook with such violent laughter that the lawn was covered with the corpses of a thousand buds. But we were not without our moment of glory. The Sunday Times announced next day that Sir Lynn and I had left for the Far East by air. Ah well! It was a close thing.

"We'll go to Le Touquet instead," said my wife. "unless, of course, there is civil war in France."

The telephone rang. It was the long-suffering London representative of the Formosa government. "I have a message from the Generalissimo. Will you come to Formosa in September when the weather will be at its best?"

Well—who knows? Perhaps the old witch at Hanlan's Point was right, and I really got value for my ten cents. ★

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## How Wayne & Shuster took New York continued from page 16

"We were just minding the shop for Sullivan. So we decided to do it his way: get off fast"

introducing the other acts. "We didn't want to change the show," reports Shuster. "After all, we were just minding the shop for Ed. So we decided to do it the way he does: just introduce them and get off fast."

For the time being this was an academic decision: the acts weren't to show up for the first time until Sunday morning. On an ordinary Sullivan show most of the acts are singles—well rehearsed vaudeville or night-club routines. They go through their acts once in the forenoon on camera day, and only once more at a dress rehearsal in the afternoon, before a live audience.

With two complex sketches, however, Wayne and Shuster were being given three days of rehearsal, plus an unprecedented camera rehearsal on Saturday. "Our stuff has a certain amount of production values," Wayne explains.

On Tuesday "the boys"—as they are called by everyone at CBS including Sullivan—auditioned and picked their sixteen players, and took them to Brooks, a top show-business outfitter, for costumes.

On Wednesday rehearsals began in a big milk-processing plant on West 57th Street that CBS has converted into studios and staff offices.

Wayne and Shuster had insisted that the authentic modal Elizabethan music written for the baseball sketch by their Toronto arranger, Johnny Dobson, be used on the show. The Ed Sullivan Show orchestra, under veteran Ray Bloch, wouldn't see the score till camera day, so a pianist accompanied the rehearsals.

Thursday morning Marlo Lewis arrived back from Europe. Lewis, a big, heavily handsome ex-advertising man, with heavy-lidded eyes and a sunlamp tan, is Sullivan's co-producer and technical expert.

He greeted the boys with an arm affectionately around each of their shoulders. He has worked with Sullivan for more than ten years.

In Sullivan's absence Lewis was responsible for the show, so over lunch in the cafeteria downstairs Wayne and Shuster checked their own plans with him.

The cafeteria was the usual high-ceilinged windowless room, loud with talk and the slam of crockery. Over the din Wayne explained again, for Lewis' benefit, "We thought we'd follow the same format. We want to make it clear that we're just standing, as we say in Latin" —Wayne made a dewy-eyed move—"in loco Sullivanis."

Everyone at the table laughed.

"We've got a wonderful bit to introduce Jeannaire," said Wayne. Jeannaire is the prima ballerina of the Ballet de Paris, a French troupe that was to be featured on the show. Lewis nodded. He was already deep in the problem of timing the show.

"No," Wayne corrected Shuster. "Twelve minutes it ain't, the baseball sketch. Ten, eleven maybe."

That's Television would be the boys' first number after the show opening. They discussed where to spot the baseball sketch.

"Over the break," said Lewis. "It's better strategy." Since NBC threw Steve Allen against the Sullivan show rival

ticians have been busy figuring ways to discourage channel-switchers, particularly at the vulnerable half-hourly station-identification gap.

"We've got a wonderful gag for the audience introductions," Wayne said

after a minute. He explained: instead of introducing the usual celebrities in the audience they'd introduce a man named Julius Melnik, who'd been sitting in the audience every night for ten years hoping to get on camera. He'd never been

newsworthy enough before, but now he was, precisely because he'd been waiting for ten years.

"So the camera pans down," Wayne chortled, "only he's not there. Just an empty seat. But his wife's there. So we

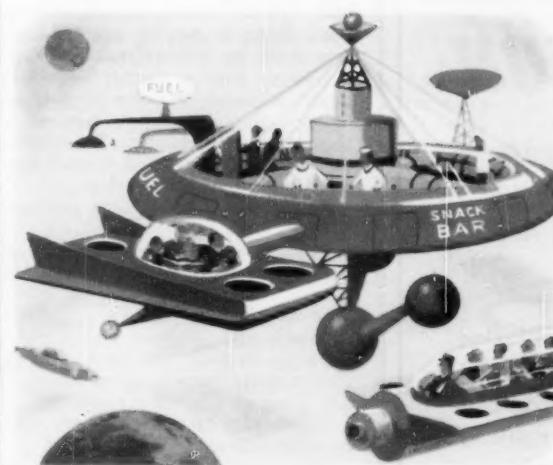
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Five heads better than two: Wayne & Shuster (centre) discuss the show's music with (L to R) co-producer Marlo Lewis, director Johnny Wray, arranger Johnny Dobson.

ask, where is he? So his wife says he just had to go outside for a minute. So we say, 'After ten years he's not here when we're finally going to introduce him?' So his wife says, 'I told him. I said, Julie, don't go!'"

He paused, and then laughed to show he understood the impossibility of the gag: "We'd have to fly Sylvia down just for one line."

Lewis looked up. "I like it. It's funny. Do it."

Wayne said, "We've got a straightforward bit for the closing. It's sort of a friendly thing, very nice. You know, we're - the - only - country - that - won't - throw - rocks - at - your - embassy - so - c'mon - up."

Lewis consulted a sheet of paper and Wayne added hastily, "It'll be forty seconds maximum."

Lewis got up from the table, saying, "We'll type all this up. I just want to be sure you think it's good."

Back in the rehearsal hall Lewis watched a run-through of That's Television, hugging himself the way Sullivan does. Wray, the director, asked if they'd like to do the baseball sketch now. In it, Wayne plays a catcher-in-a-batting-slump as though he were Hamlet, and Shuster plays the team manager as though he were Horatio. The script is an outrageous mixture of baseball lingo and Shakespearean borrowings.

Wayne said to Lewis, a bit anxiously, "This is a little different, but it's what we want to do." Lewis nodded and leaned forward to watch. He chuckled quietly all through it and sat smiling after they had finished.

Shuster said, "Johnny and I had a big argument about whether we'd do it."

"It's pretty risky," mused Lewis. "I love it myself," he added hastily.

Shuster said, "It's different. We wanted to be different."

Wayne broke in, "We tried it in Canada, you know."

"How did it go there?" asked Lewis.

Wayne said, "Swell. We had a lot of mail, a very good reaction." Lewis nodded several times, and then once decisively. When he got up to leave, a bit player called derisively, "Marlo, don't go!"

"Yeah, Marlo, don't go!" echoed Wayne, laughing.

Friday morning they rehearsed That's Television steadily for a couple of hours. Besides the comedians themselves there were fourteen participants, each of whom had to come in precisely on cue to illustrate a single line of the song. A musical-comedy soprano had been hired solely to hit one top note and then burst into a coughing fit. She had a lusty voice and magnificently Wagnerian

proportions, but when Wayne explained that he wanted a single Valkyrian ho-yo-ho, it turned out she'd never heard of Wagner. "I'll get a record and learn it, though," she promised.

Arthur Hiller, an ex-CBC producer who is now riding high in Hollywood, wandered into the rehearsal about noon on his way from Toronto to the west coast. Wayne and Shuster hailed him delightedly and introduced him to everyone as "a Canadian who's doing Big Things in Hollywood." Hiller and the comedians compared notes on the standard of U.S. technical production. Wayne said, "The difference is, in Toronto they have one guy trying to do five jobs; down here they've got five guys."

Hiller said, "Have you noticed how fast they can strike a set?"

Wayne said, "Well, you don't have to wait till the boys put down their copies of Proust . . ."

". . . and stroke their beards," finished Shuster. "A stagehand down here doesn't want to be something else. He just wants to be the best stagehand there is."

Wray dismissed the extras at one, but he, his assistants, and the boys waited around because Jeanmaire, the Parisian ballerina, was due at two to rehearse a gag Wayne and Shuster had written as an introduction to the Ballet de Paris. It involved some complicated bilingual cross-talk that wound up with Jeanmaire asking Wayne, the interpreter, "What did he say?" in English, and Shuster saying confusedly, "Qu'est-ce qu'elle dit?"

At rehearsal Saturday morning the program assistant reported, "Jeanmaire doesn't want to do the bit. She's afraid of it." After a moment's thought he said reprovingly, "It would have been nice if she'd phoned and let us know."

The special camera rehearsal for the Canadians' two sketches was being held in the broadcast studio itself—CBS Television Studio 50 on Broadway at 53rd Street. The network converted Studio 50 from the old Hammerstein, once the most elaborate theatre on Broadway with its balcony and dress circle under a vaulted dome as splendid as a basilica's.

The full technical crew was there. "This is a very expensive day Ed's given us," remarked Wayne.

Johnny Dobson, the Toronto composer-arranger, had flown in to New York that morning for the final rehearsal. "They were pretty wary of us here, the first time," he remarked. "You could feel it. But now they're glad to see us." He went up on the stage and over to the rehearsal pianist. "It should go slower," he said. "Speed it up and you lose the tune, it just sounds ordinary."

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THESE RATES GOOD ONLY IN CANADA

The boys were going through That's Television on camera. Extras dressed like stagehands jostled them, crossed in front of them; a prop camera was trundled across the scene; the mike swooped down suddenly to face level. On the monitor the calculated confusion was compounded: the picture went out of focus; went upside down, went in too close and steadied on a shot of Wayne's shirt button.

At the height of the disarray a make-believe floor manager walked on camera shouting, "Coffee break everybody!" In the rush offstage the boys were flung against two pillars, which toppled, dumping a load of rubber bricks on their heads. Wayne and Shuster picked themselves up and came forward to start the last chorus. Wayne was juggling two of the rubber bricks.

At the end of the number he started toward Wray saying, "Hey, I've got a wonderful gag for there." Why, he said, couldn't they plant a single brown pumpernickel among the bricks and when he got up he could have it in his hand?

"Yeah, it's a cute little extra gag," offered Shuster, grinning his wide Pinocchio grin.

The ample soprano, having contributed her single Wagnerian bar, came down into the dim house and settled herself in a front seat. "Those boys are so good," she said. "They flip me." Someone asked how she'd tracked down the cry of the Valkyrie. She rolled her eyes: "I tried all over, yesterday, to find a record," she said. "But I couldn't. Finally I found a girl friend and she knew it, so she spent last night teaching me. It's got a sort of scoop up to the top." She giggled. "Wait'll you see my costume. It's a gasser."

Shuster and Dobson came down from the stage and sat in the row behind her. Shuster was still seeking reassurance about the baseball sketch. "My head will roll," he said. "I had a argument with Johnny about whether we'd do another one . . . safe . . . but good. But safe!"

Brinkman, the stage manager, called, "Baseball sketch everyone," and Shuster climbed back on stage.

"They had their own show in Canada, eh?" said the soprano. She reflected. "Would there be much work for a person my type in Canada?" she asked.

A cameraman called to a six-year-old, obviously a relative, who was playing up the aisle toward the back of the house. "Watch this one, Gerry," he said.

The cameraman himself chuckled out loud all through the sketch. At the end he caught the soprano's eye and they nodded approvingly. The soprano glanced round at the circle of backstage people who'd gathered to watch. "If you're good around here," she said, "boy, you're good."

The cast went through the baseball sketch twice more. This time they were in costume, for the benefit of a photographer from TV Guide.

At two o'clock they were through. Wayne went to pick up his wife and three little boys, who had come by overnight train, to take them to the Bronx zoo. Shuster went off with Dobson to see Li'l Abner, a musical comedy, and spent the evening quietly with relatives. His wife had house guests from New York and had to stay in Toronto.

\* \* \*

Ed Sullivan called on Sunday morning, from the Savoy Hotel in London, to wish the boys good luck.

They were at the theatre at ten-thirty, seeing the other acts in the show for the first time. There was Sallie Blair, a new young Negro discovery, who prowled

through a torch song with glistening eyes and a voracious smile; Jimmie Rodgers, a young rock-n-roll record star with loose limbs and automatic rhythm; Edie Adams, the curly blond wife of comedian Ernie Kovacs, who did a traditional ballad and then burst into a night-club imitation of Marilyn Monroe; Mario Del Monaco, a beefy young Metropolitan tenor with well-manicured hands and a big voice; Doretta Morrow, a blond soprano from musical comedy; the Ballet de Paris troupe, and the Amin Brothers—the inevitable circus act for the benefit of the kiddies.

Wayne and Shuster rehearsed their two sketches for the first time with the full orchestra, under Ray Bloch, and many of the musicians laughed right out loud. The rest of the time the Canadians sat out in the house watching the stage.

Around noon comedian Jack Leonard drifted in. A heavy man in sunglasses with thick, furrowed features, he appears sporadically on the show and almost always drops around on camera day. He sat with the boys and greeted them: "Ah, the Jewish Mounted Police," in a penetrating voice. Wayne and Shuster doubled up with laughter. The Wagnerian soprano, resplendent in winged helmet and cuirass, clanked slowly up the aisle. "We got her from the Israeli tank corps," Wayne said to Leonard.

"Have you seen Sylvia?" Shuster asked. "Who is Sylvia," Leonard guffawed, beaming all round.

"Aw please, Jack," Lewis called irritably from the stage.

"I can't even hum around here," sulked Leonard.

Shuster said, "I told her to come at one. She flew in this morning."

Sylvia Lennick came down the aisle, waved to everyone and sat down. "I've been in this business in Toronto for years," she said, "and nobody ever heard of me. I do one line on this show and suddenly I'm famous. They've got a drink at the Stage Door in Toronto now called the Big Julie."

The agents had begun to gather in the theatre for the afternoon dress rehearsal. They sat in the front rows, like cattle at the corral fence, chatting quietly and watching the stage. A boy passed out matzo-ball soup in cardboard containers and turkey-on-rye in waxed paper to the performers.

The Amin Brothers were rehearsing on stage—one slim swarthy Egyptian balancing a second slim, swarthy Egyptian on the balls of his feet, through a breathtaking series of pinwheel turns.

Dobson, the composer, said, "These kids get flown in and knock their hearts out in rehearsal; then comes the show and Sullivan says, 'Okay, boys, knock it down to your best trick, make it forty seconds.'"

A cameraman broke in, "I'll say this for Sullivan, he can really pick out the fine points."

Wayne said, "We had a wonderful bit we were going to do. We were going to get this unicycle act and introduce it as the act Sullivan has had standing by for ten years in case the show was short. Every week for ten years he's flown them over from Italy just to stand by. So we were going to put them on at last. Only they've forgotten how to unicycle. They've spent the last ten years just flying back and forth from Italy."

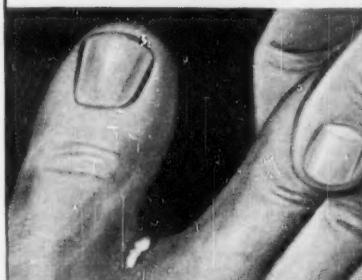
The Amin Brothers finished rehearsing. Shuster looked worriedly at his watch. "We're on this show for forty minutes," he said, "and we haven't done any rehearsals."

One of the agents said, "This is a very relaxed show."

Shortly after three the balcony was

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opened to the public and began filling up. The pit, at the dress rehearsal, is reserved for people connected with the performers—agents and staff.

Wray went to the control booth at the back to direct the show from there and, at 3:35, Lewis came on stage, greeted the audience, told them to watch their monitors during the That's Television number, introduced Wayne and Shuster and, brow knit, waved in applause fiercely from the balcony. The comedians ad-libbed a few warm-up gags and then started the show.

Wayne called out, "You better laugh at us, or we'll stone your embassy in Ottawa." The audience in the balcony, however, was fairly subdued until Jimmie Rodgers, the rock-n-roll star, was introduced. A crescendo of cheers and screams bounced down from the big dome.

"The balcony's filled with teen-agers," said a CBS publicity man disgustedly.

The show ran about eight minutes overtime. While TV-emcee Bud Collyer, who was doing the live commercials in Sullivan's absence, rehearsed in a corner

of the stage, Lewis, Wray, Wayne and Shuster went into a huddle in the boys' dressing room. They had been assigned to Sullivan's own dressing room on the second floor with Sullivan's own Coke machine in the corner.

Lewis decided to cut part of the ballet. Wayne and Shuster said both their sketches would be played faster on the show. "We'd rather pace it up than cut it," said Shuster. They had already speeded That's Television by, among other things, cutting out the soprano's ho-yo-to-ho. Now she simply mouthed the

hard-won note and sputtered the cough.

By and by the boys slipped out to an automat for a quick coffee and some soup. When they came back they found their dinner jackets laid out, freshly pressed by the costume department. "In Canada I wear it the way it comes from the suitcase," remarked Shuster. On their other appearances they had gone up to the make-up department on the seventh floor; this time the make-up man came to their dressing room.

At seven-thirty the doors were opened to the theatre audience. Mrs. Wayne, with the three youngsters, was led to a seat in the front row. The house filled slowly.

At 7:45 Shuster came down from the second floor to count the house from the wings. He thought it looked empty and mentioned it to Lewis. Lewis snorted. "There's a six-months' waiting list for tickets to this show," he said. "It'll be full by show time." The orchestra started tuning up.

Lewis was still making last-minute changes in the show. At five minutes to eight he told the boys he was switching the Metropolitan tenor with the musical-comedy soprano. "Del Monaco's stronger than Doretta Morrow," he said. "We'll use him earlier."

At three minutes to eight Lewis came out on stage, welcomed the audience, asked for their applause, told them to look at the monitors during That's Television, and introduced Wayne and Shuster. The Canadians came out and ad-libbed a few gags.

"Don't be afraid to laugh out loud," said Wayne.

At eight o'clock the orchestra broke into the opening fanfare. The announcer's voice could be heard saying:

"...the Ed Sullivan... Show!" The sponsor's billboard appeared on the monitors.

In the second before their own faces would appear on the monitor and before an estimated audience of forty million in the U.S. and Canada, Wayne glanced down into the audience at his wife and children. He and Shuster turned to each other and, solemnly, in the spotlight, shook hands.

At nine o'clock, Sullivan was on the phone from London to know how the show had gone. The house was still applauding and the stage was jammed with well-wishers and autograph seekers.

The hour had gone so fast that Wayne and Shuster had had time for barely twenty seconds of hands-across-the-border at the end. Sylvia Lennox was limp; they hadn't got to her bit from the audience until 8:54. "I must have put on fresh lipstick fourteen times in that fifty-four minutes," she said. A cameraman said, "Boy! The things that *really* went wrong on the That's Television bit! And the language on the intercom!"

Taking Sullivan's call in the wings Wayne, his fist jammed in his free ear to keep out the noise, said it seemed to have gone all right. ★

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Wayne to Sullivan: "It went fine."

**"Despite tests, the steroid pill's a mystery. It will be years before it's classified hero or villain"**

effectiveness as contraceptives have been underway for more than two years on a group of 250 Puerto Rican women. Although the test supervision is regarded as a model of its kind, the steroid pill is still a mystery whose final chapter hasn't been written. It isn't agreed yet, and won't be for some years, whether the pill is a hero or villain.

The name steroid is derived from sterol, which is a class of solid higher alcohols found in all plants and animals. The pill is also known technically as a 19 nor compound, to indicate the structure around the molecule. By any name, the pill's workings are not completely understood. Its effect, when taken every day for twenty days immediately following a menstrual period, is to block one of the functions of the pituitary gland.

The gland, itself a medical puzzler, is the size of a little fingernail and is

failures are due to misunderstanding or apathy in the use of the steroid.

Of the women who complained of side effects, some dropped out of the test group and others were treated with a simple headache tablet. As a matter

of clinical curiosity, Dr. Paniagua substituted a placebo or fake pill for the headache tablet and discovered it was equally beneficial. "Our patients," observed the doctor, "have a high rate of suggestibility."

One advantage the steroids have over other methods of contraception is aesthetic; they can be taken at a time and place unrelated to the sex act, whose spontaneity must otherwise be predicted or interrupted. They also have the vir-



Answer to  
**Who is it?** on page 48

Greg Clark, now probably Canada's most famous columnist, was over thirty years with the Toronto Star. Now with Weekend magazine, he is widely syndicated.

located at the intersection of two arrows, if one were to be driven from temple to temple and the other from the centre of the forehead back through the skull. The pituitary gland controls the function of a woman's ovaries, causing them to eject an egg once a month. This process, called ovulation, is somehow stymied by the steroid pill's action on the pituitary gland. Without ovulation the woman is sterile.

In about twelve percent of the cases in the Puerto Rico experiments, women taking the steroids regularly suffered such side effects as nausea and headaches. Some of the younger women had such symptoms as spotting, increase in weight, a lessening of sexual appetite. But at the conclusion of two years of testing, the project's director, Dr. Manuel Paniagua, reports that the steroids have caused no discernible damage of a lasting nature. Women who decided to have children stopped taking the pills; they were able to conceive and delivered normal babies. One woman mistakenly took the steroids during pregnancy but her baby was unharmed. The pills, as a contraceptive, have proved one hundred percent effective when taken as directed. Even so, researchers have assigned a failure rate to the steroid pills: computed at approximately the same rate as the best contraceptives now available, the



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tue of simplicity and for this reason are being studied anxiously in India, where Dr. S. N. Sanyal, of the All-India Institute of Public Health, is reported to have developed a twice-a-month steroid extracted from the common sweet pea. The United States steroid presently being tested in Puerto Rico hasn't the virtue of economy; the pills are about forty cents apiece. At twenty pills a month a year's supply costs ninety-six dollars.

But steroids, at any price, have an uncertain future in birth control. Some doctors are convinced that no good can come of confusing the pituitary gland for any extended period. They suspect a young woman, taking steroids to postpone her family for a few years, might be rendered permanently sterile. There is ground for suspicion, despite Paniagua's findings, that a heavy dose of steroids taken early in a pregnancy might damage the baby. Paniagua himself has stated, "I agree that the steroids may have some definite, permanent effects after prolonged administration . . . For the moment at least, I believe they should be restricted to short-term use for child-spacing purposes."

The steroids can be taken as a birth-control device by men; there the probability of harm seems clearer. Inmates of an Oregon prison volunteered for a test study and Dr. Carl Heller discovered that their sperm count could be reduced promptly. He also discovered that there was a drastic change in the tissue structure of the testes, a change one expert labeled irreparable, and that the men suffered a personality change stemming from a decrease in libido. He concluded that steroids taken by men over a long period of time would almost certainly result in permanent sterility and possibly impotency as well. Meanwhile other experiments are making less spectacular news.

One is the test tape. Its appeal is strongest among Roman Catholics because it is the only product yet described in the press which has any apparent possibility of being approved by the church. The test tape currently being studied by Dr. Joseph Doyle, of Boston, is a sort of litmus paper which changes color in the presence of glucose, or sugar. During ovulation the test tape turns a bright green. By practicing abstinence then, the woman can avoid a pregnancy without violating religious tenets.

But the test tape is not altogether reliable. The medical committee of the Planned Parenthood Federation of America, a body of doctors that includes four professors of obstetrics in medical schools and several chiefs of obstetrics in major hospitals, recently announced: "The new tape test . . . neither indicates nor predicts the day of ovulation."

"Predicts" in this case is a more important word than indicates. A male spermatozoon lives about forty-eight hours, perhaps longer. By the time the day of ovulation is discovered, sperm deposited two days previously could already have impregnated the egg. Also, ovulation takes place abruptly. It is possible that a woman can have a test that indicates she is not ovulating and five seconds later nature will disprove it.

If women ovulated regularly the test tape might establish the critical period—but they don't. Ovulation is subject to disturbance if the woman is tired, if she has a cold, if she is excited, if she is traveling, if she plays a round of golf. To be useful, any test of ovulation must be able to predict the process at least forty-eight hours in advance.

A doctor in Philadelphia is working on such a test. If he is successful—and it is estimated that the conclusion of

his research is "two million dollars away"—a woman will be able to make a simple test similar to a home test used by diabetics and discover her time of ovulation well in advance.

Dr. Warren Nelson, director of the Rockefeller-sponsored Population Council, is working on a project in New York using anti-estrogen substance on female rats. Estrogen is one of the two female sex hormones and is produced in varying amounts throughout the female cycle, but mostly during ovulation. Nelson has discovered that injections of anti-estrogen have arrested development of the egg.

After two years of research with animals Nelson is prepared to try his compound on humans and the first test is being arranged. If it is successful it could mean that a woman could practice birth control by swallowing a pill around the time of intercourse.

Dr. Abraham Stone, a renowned authority in birth control and marriage counseling, has said, "More advance has been made in our understanding of reproduction in the past twenty-five years than in the whole history of mankind." The present pace in unraveling the mysteries is frenetic. In Israel a group is working

lar that in some city hospitals sixty percent of the maternity patients request sterilization operations. Puerto Rican women who have emigrated to New York are returning home for the operation.

Russia began under Communist rule with the legalization of abortion "in the interest of the health of the working woman" and for years in Moscow abortions outnumbered births. Then, "in the interest of the health of the working woman," abortions were outlawed. Three years ago they were made legal again and accompanied by promotion of contraceptives, the first in Soviet history.

India and China, where the populations are multiplying three times faster than in Europe, have also instituted intense contraceptive distribution. One Indian doctor observed recently that if India's death rate drops to the level achieved in medically more advanced countries without a simultaneous drop in the birth rate—this is the situation in Puerto Rico—India in a single century will fill five earths as full as ours is today.

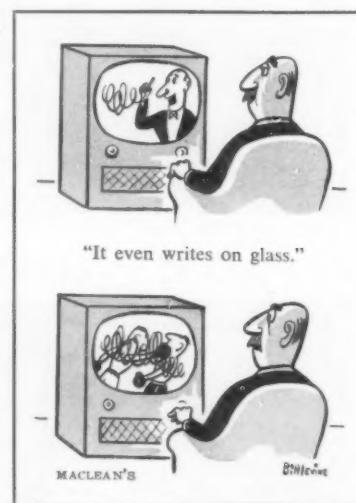
It was India's plea for a new kind of contraceptive that stimulated research in the United States. "Ten years ago India asked us for help," relates Dr. Abraham Stone, vice-president of the Planned Parenthood Federation of America. "They needed a contraceptive that wouldn't require privacy or plumbing, that was highly effective but harmless, that was inexpensive, that wouldn't need complicated instructions for use. We had nothing to give them."

A multiplicity of effective contraceptives is now available, or about to be, and North Americans, within the limits of their budgets or conscience about such matters, have access to most of them. Some eighty percent of North Americans have used some form of birth control at least occasionally, to limit the twenty-five children a woman biologically can have in her lifetime to a number they are financially and emotionally able to provide for. The market, estimated at \$200 million a year, is already so important that several established pharmaceutical houses that never before prepared any contraceptive products are now manufacturing a variety and researching others.

Doctors grade the effectiveness of any contraceptive according to a scale based on a hypothetical period of a hundred years of fertility. In a hundred years of fertility where no contraception device or practice is used, eighty pregnancies would occur. Against this scale Quebec had the highest rate of pregnancies of any area in the world, with an average of sixty-five pregnancies per hundred woman years, among women married in the 1890s; by contrast, in recent years Great Britain has had six using the best contraceptive methods available.

This scale is used to rate all methods of birth control. The range is from a high of thirty for methods that include no devices to a low of five for some of the most prevalent contraceptives being used now. The only known contraceptive with a zero rating is the steroid pill, if taken as directed.

Nevertheless, Ortho Pharmaceutical Corporation, the world's largest manufacturer of medically approved female contraceptives and for many years the only one, is not considering the steroid pill very seriously at the moment. Preparing to market an insert tablet after ten years of research and testing, Vice-President W. Vincent Abramson recently remarked, "We've known how to stop a woman ovulating for the past twenty years. There's no trick to that. The difficulty is stopping ovulation without any harm being done. So far, we don't know any product that can do it." ★



on contraceptive tests with anti-histamines. Plant extracts are being tested in ten countries, notably India. In many laboratories, doctors are hoping to solve the riddle of the "capacitation period," a curious four- or five-hour lag between the time the sperm enters the female reproductive system and the moment of fertilizing the egg. "If we knew what it was doing during that time," commented Dr. Nelson, "we might discover how to interfere with it."

The forms of contraception likely to become the most popular in North America in another five years are presently undergoing final testing before being placed on the market. These are the insert tablets. One, a foaming type, has proved effective in Japan but tested less well in the United States. The other, a non-foaming tablet that dissolves readily, has shown better test results and many doctors feel that it may be the next big contraceptive seller.

Some dozen governments have incorporated birth control into their national health programs. Japan has had the most success, cutting its birth rate almost in half in ten years by means of sterilizations, an estimated million legalized abortions, and, more recently, widespread distribution of contraceptive information and materials.

Puerto Rico performs about four thousand sterilizing operations every year on young women and an uncounted number of men. Sterilizing has become so popu-

## IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE



The reporter and "the boys": entertainment editor Barbara Moon follows the news—here, Wayne and Shuster—to a Broadway party.

## Moon over Broadway

If you were watching the Ed Sullivan show a few Sundays ago, when Wayne & Shuster took it over for the night, it's quite possible that you might have seen our Miss Barbara Moon in the audience. The reason for her presence was professional, as anyone who turns to page 14 will understand. Armed with notebook and pencil, Miss Moon ventured into darkest CBS and, by all accounts, didn't emerge for a week. Her instructions were to stick to Wayne & Shuster like glue and that, more or less, is what she did.

The results of that venture are printed elsewhere in this issue, but Miss Moon has provided this column with some exclusive material which we are happy to pass along to our readers.

ITEM: Edie Adams has fourteen pairs of contact lenses; without them she can't even see Ernie Kovacs.

ITEM: All the female stars on the Sullivan show attended rehearsals wearing sack dresses, but none appeared in a sack dress on the actual show (except Miss Moon who, contrary to editorial instructions, always wears a sack).

ITEM: The favorite drink among show-business people is neither cola nor gin but something called Cel-Ray which is simply carbonated celery juice.

ITEM: Small messenger boys are sent out by the cast, not for coffee, but for cardboard cartons of matzo-ball soup which, next to Cel-Ray, is the choice pick-me-up.

ITEM: All the men in New York TV call each other "baby" or "sweetheart," just like we'd heard they did.

In between observing W & S, Miss Moon found herself answer-

ing questions about Canada. "I'm going to Lake of the Woods for my long week end," one man told her cheerfully. Miss Moon tried to explain that Lake of the Woods was sixteen hundred miles from



With Paul Kligman: the Toronto actor was subject of a Moon story.

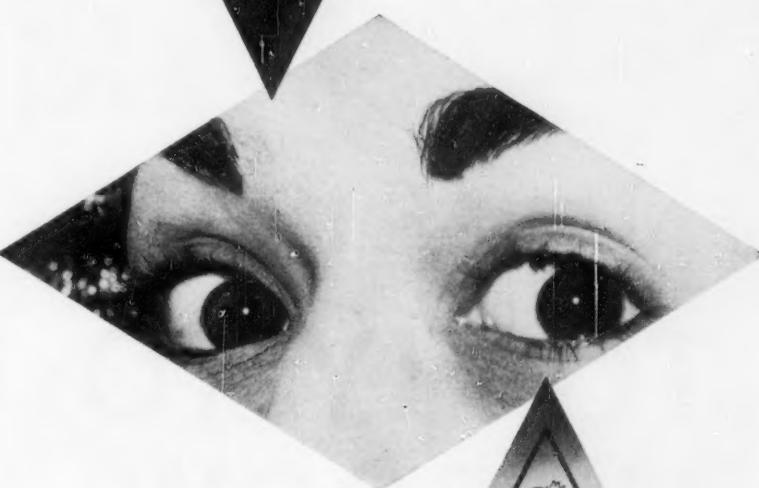
New York. He looked perplexed but game.

Well that's the sort of life our entertainment editor leads and a hard life it is, too, sometimes. It exhausts us just to see Miss Moon in action. Her curious working habits, on which we reported at length some months ago, have not changed one whit. She still worries all day, drinking coffee (and occasionally, no doubt, flagons of matzo-ball soup) and writes only at night—and all night. At the very last moment, she staggers into the office, looking like a man who tried to go to Lake of the Woods on a long week end, and flings her manuscript on our desk. Odd thing, though—for her this system works as her story shows.



With Andrew Allen: the CBC executive gives her background facts.

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# Parade

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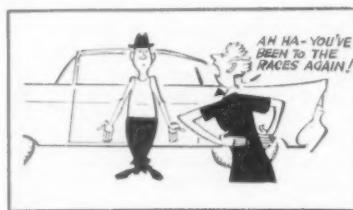
A Calgary father was enjoying a trip to the St. George's Island zoo with his kids until he discovered that a shiftless-looking character was following their little family party everywhere it went. From the monkeys to the bears to the lions, he never took his beady eyes off father. The somewhat distraught parent was about to call a cop when he happened to glance down and discovered a five-dollar bill sticking out of his trouser cuff, where it must have tumbled while he was buying ice-cream cones a few moments before. As soon as father pocketed the bill he lost his allure, and the seedy one vanished.

\* \* \*

A Toronto motorist just about turned in his license plates and decided to walk, after what should have been a lucky break. He found a vacant spot beside a parking meter, that's how lucky he was, and he deposited the required coin and walked away whistling. He was back within the prescribed time limit, too, but in the meantime two things had happened. A city work crew drove up, sawed off the meter post at its base and drove off with it, because a brand-new office building had just opened its doors at the spot and parking isn't permitted in front of important edifices. Then a cop came along, saw the fortunate motorist's car parked in front of the splendid new office building, and hung a tag on it.

\* \* \*

A Parade scout who was in the car behind reports that a motorist wanting to cross the new toll bridge over the west



arm of Kootenay Lake at Nelson, B.C., suddenly found that he'd run out of money. Without a moment's hesitation he handed the toll keeper a nice new shirt in lieu of fare, and drove off before the startled official could either complain or say thanks.

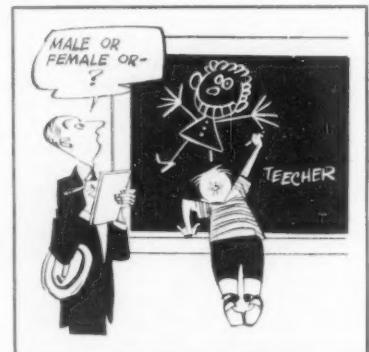
\* \* \*

An oversize lady was seen trying to squeeze an oversize parcel into her purse the other day on a Winnipeg bus. When it wouldn't go in she sat on it. Then it went in.

**PARADE PAYS \$5 TO \$10** for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned.

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If Alberta schoolteachers finished the year even wearier than those elsewhere it was because in addition to marking all those papers they had to fill out an endless questionnaire for the Cameron Commission as part of its study of education in that province. The questionnaire went exhaustively into each teacher's



training, length of experience, number and age of children being taught, and left no loopholes anywhere. For instance question 19 read: "Sex: Male ..... Female ..... (check only one)."

\* \* \*

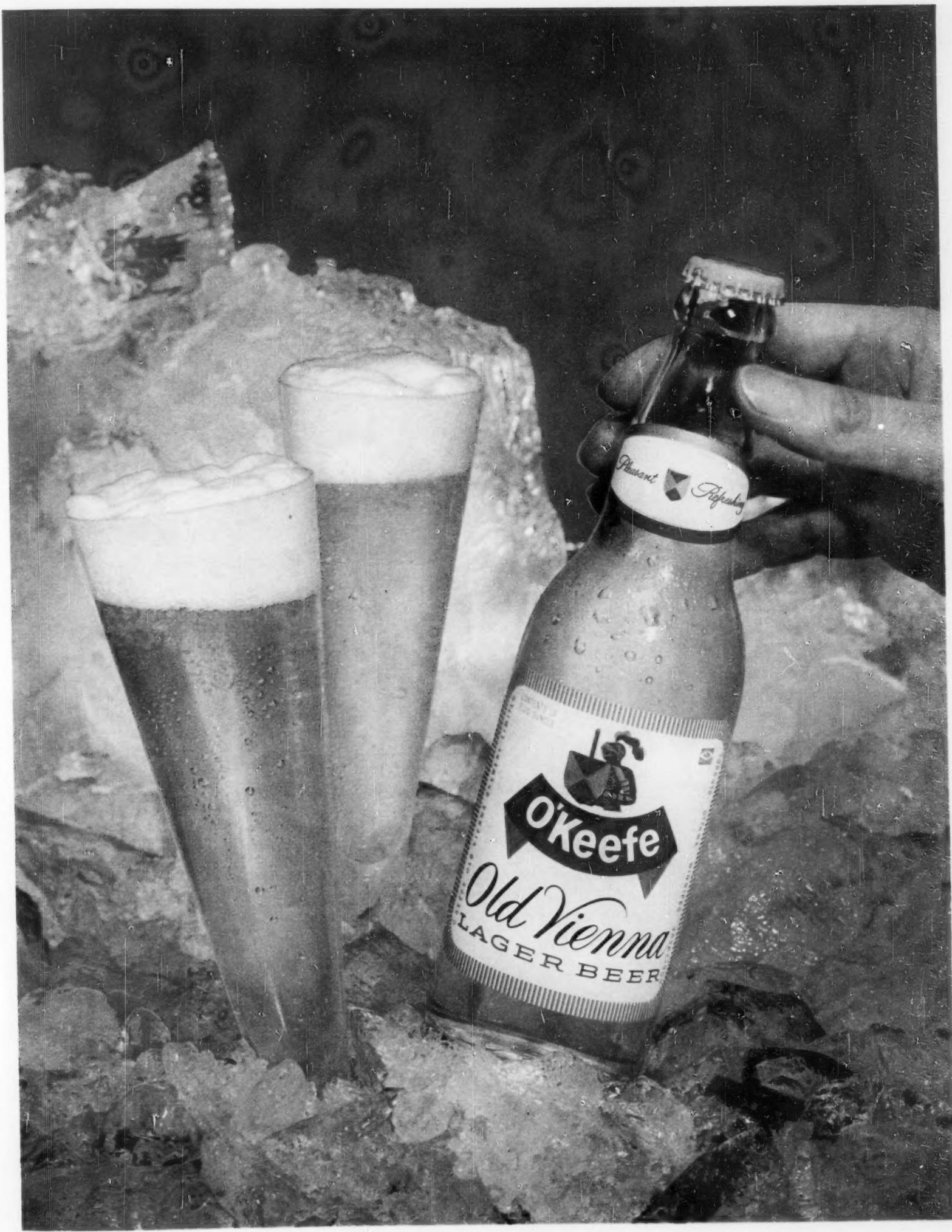
Wanting to treat a dear old rather deaf friend to an afternoon out, a Vancouver woman took her to the movies. With some slight misgivings she selected a widely acclaimed love epic for their entertainment, but her venerable friend became genuinely absorbed in the story as it unreeled to a passionate climax in a boudoir. Suddenly through the rapt silence that gripped the entire audience the old lady exclaimed, "Land sakes! Who'd a' thought those iron beds would be coming back!"

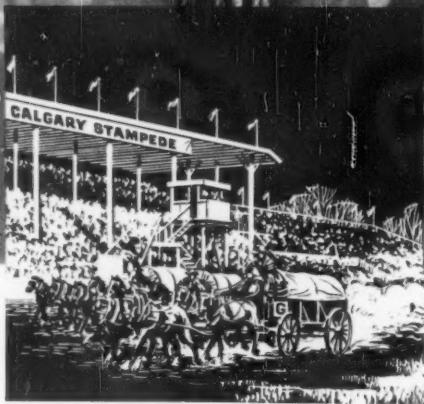
\* \* \*

Sign in the driveway of a church in Orillia, Ont.: "Thou shalt not park here."

\* \* \*

Dumb animals aren't the only pets that have societies to protect them. A Toronto man who decided he could no longer afford the upkeep on his somewhat more than secondhand car—a vintage '29 phaeton—advertised it for sale and got a phone call as soon as the paper was out. The caller asked a lot of interested questions but finally confessed he didn't want to buy the car. "I'm president of an antique-car club and I just want you to promise me you won't let it fall into poor hands," he explained. "It would be dreadful if some farmer turned it into a truck or something."





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